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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No fresh news of importance on the question of peace is to be added to Mr. Balfour's statement of last week; but a good deal has been manufactured in London, and the English and foreign varieties are easier to distinguish than is the case, on Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's authority, with wines. The most ingenious system, that of the "Daily Mail", is to publish authentic news one day, to contradict it point by point the next and after that to accuse of fraudulent or belated imitation anyone who thereafter adopts either view. In Pretoria no doubt there is a feeling of hopefulness, which is perhaps founded on nothing much stronger than the ordering of new clothes and a supply of groceries by some of the Boer delegates. We shall have yet to wait a fortnight for more facts. The delegates are now getting into touch with the commandos and we must believe that sounder notions now prevail, even with the more ignorant, on the firmness of the Government and the plight of the Boers. The fighters can scarcely be more than 8,000 and in no place are as many as 2,000 collected.

One of the best signs is that the European intriguers seem to have lost all credit. But whatever the chances in favour of surrender and peace so-called, on the one point which is of importance—the attitude of the Government—we feel reasonably assured. Neither on the question of the amnesty of the Cape rebels, nor on any other, have concessions been made. The statement that Boers have been promised seats on the Executive Council is a journalistic distortion of the readiness of the Transvaal Executive to avail itself of local advice as to the best method of helping the burgher population to re-establish themselves upon their farms. The supposed anxiety of the Boer leaders to secure the safety of the Cape rebels would seem to be an exaggeration, if not an invention, of the enemies of peace in this country whose short title is the pro-Boers.

General Warren's rather dignified letter of protest against the partial publication of the Spion Kop despatches makes necessary the continuance of the squalid subject. Mr. Balfour showed miserable weakness in allowing himself to be sounded, Mr. Norman

bad taste in making the attempt, and General Buller has cut the ground away from his supporters by insistence on repeated exposure. Every feature of this affair is ugly, but the policy of decent reticence is no longer open. We hold no brief for General Warren, but the letter we print from Mr. W. B. Worsfold certainly shows that he has a case and a man's military reputation is to him not a bubble. On no principle of equity or justice can the Government, after publishing General Buller's condemnation of his subordinate, shut the door abruptly on further publicity. "Nothing but the truth" is very often a lie when we do not have as well "the whole truth". In the face of so elemental a principle of justice the tone of Mr. Brodrick's curt refusal is rather offensive than firm.

There has been no abatement in the vigour of Lord Kitchener's campaign. In the last week 18 Boers were killed, 19 wounded, and 325 taken prisoners and 10 surrendered; also 1,500 cattle were captured, and to estimate the total number of head captured during the war is "a thing imagination boggles at". A number of small engagements are reported. Lord Lovat captured the supplies of two commandos in Cape Colony; in the Orange River Colony a laager and a patrol were surprised and in all 93 Boers captured; a drive in the Transvaal was completely barren of results. Of the movements of the delegates we know little except that Mr. Reitz and Mr. Jacobs are searching for Commandant Beyers over the veldt. It seems certain that at least a fortnight must elapse before the votes of all the outlying constituencies are successfully taken.

Mr. Cartwright, a Cape journalist, published last year an infamous article in which he accused Lord Kitchener of ordering Boers who showed the white-flag to be shot in cold blood. He was sentenced in the ordinary course of law to a year's imprisonment, which period came to an end on Tuesday. Mr. Cartwright wished to start for England at once but was refused leave by the military authorities. With this grievance to start on Mr. Morley moved the adjournment of the House and he secured support from some Unionists, who should be on the other side, and from Mr. Asquith, who has thus helped to spoil his chances of Unionist support. For any man who wishes to associate himself with the word imperial it is absurd to show pedantic zeal in the formulæ of the schools when national safety is at stake. All questions whether this or that deed finds full justification in the books disappear when national weal is so threatened that martial law becomes necessary. Lord Stanley showed himself a clumsy apologist for an action which needed only explanation; the

bare fact is sufficient that those responsible for the administration of martial law at the Cape thought it best for the good of the country that Mr. Cartwright should be kept where his genius for intrigue had least scope. We are hoping that peace is at hand; if anything will prevent this consummation it is a system of meddling with those who have the knowledge and imagination to carry the business through.

The list of candidates for political honours in France closed on Tuesday and it is a sign perhaps of the playfulness with which the first part of the election is regarded that an even greater number of candidates than usual have proffered themselves. Many of the election addresses are now out. It is curious that one of the causes of weakness, which the prophets said three years ago would destroy this Ministry as it had done its predecessors, is proving the weakness of the anti-Ministerialists. By the force of superior will M. Waldeck Rousseau succeeded beyond all expectation in welding into a solid majority many elements which were regarded as hopelessly irreconcilable. In the endeavour to tempt from their allegiance these diverse sections M. Waldeck Rousseau's enemies have to observe so many susceptibilities that the proposals contained in their address are resolved into the most enfeebled generalities.

Even the Associations Bill, the most dangerous as well as the most illiberal of the measures passed, seems to have aroused an unexpectedly narrow opposition. M. Delcassé, who has been foreign minister for four years, is able in his address to point to an unprecedented list of popular triumphs. They are of different value, but in connexion with Russia, Crete, Turkey, China and Italy he has done work which has contributed almost as much as the personality of M. Waldeck Rousseau to the stability of the Government. The efforts to arouse the Dreyfus sentiment and to make the honour of the army a party cry have not been successful and the attack on General Mercier has been the only rebellious incident.

The attempt in Belgium to use a legitimate weapon for resisting social oppression as a political lever has happily failed. The outbreak at Louvain, in which eight lives were lost, seemed to facilitate the general surrender. At one time the strikes, so called, affected some 300,000 workmen and a great number of trades, and in this respect the movement was almost unique; but the firmness of the Government gave the people time to reflect that universal suffrage is not worth starving for; and the funds of the strikers were not large. It is a remarkable proof of the excellence of labour regulations in Belgium that the demands of the leaders were exclusively political, and it was for want of any deep feeling of social discontent that the collapse, when it came, was sudden and thorough. Trades-unionists in all countries will regret that the weapons, on which in extreme cases they rely, have been thus associated with the advancement of unreal and political ambitions. It has given precedent to the wire-puller.

In the United States a section of the Republican party, prettily labelled after the best precedents of American politics "the beet sugar minority", has revolted against President Roosevelt and the whole policy of the party. An amendment on the Cuban Reciprocity Bill abolishing the countervailing duties on sugar was passed by a large majority, in which were a considerable number of Republican members. The amendment negatives the whole policy of the party and it is probable that the object of "the rebels" was to postpone indefinitely the passing of the whole Bill; as the Senate is not likely seriously to consider the Bill as amended, the object may be said to have been attained. What President Roosevelt will be able to do by his personal influence remains to be seen, but the crucial test of his political force has come. The amendment as it stands theoretically involves a set-back to the whole policy of Protection as preached by Republican politicians and involves a breach of trust to the Cubans. The Republican party is completely divided; even the amended Bill would have been rejected without the

support of the Democrats. Meanwhile the sugar industry in Cuba is faced with the prospect of ruin in the absence of the promised reduction in duties.

Of the last great American trust, "combine", or syndicate which aims at the unification of the North Atlantic shipping trade not a great deal is yet known authoritatively: but there is small room for doubt that Mr. Pierpont Morgan, with an immense American capital in his management, has obtained practical control of all, or almost all, the British Atlantic lines and has made some arrangement with the German lines. It is useless to blink the full significance of this. Vessels built in foreign dockyards are prevented by American law from passing under the American flag, but this gives the smallest extenuation of the power put by this combination into American hands. It may amount to a practical possession of vessels which are incidentally a part of the Royal Navy and, as time goes on, most of the vessels and most of the seamen may come from the States. The commercial danger is as great as the political. There is so much free capital in America that at first prices may be reduced, but both economic laws and the argument from the past history of trusts compel the inference that monopoly involves the power and, since corporate groups have no conscience, the will to put prices up. It may be that the railways and the steel trust will become intimately associated with the shipping trust and the power which may then fall into the hands of a ring of unscrupulous capitalists is an appalling prospect.

"Protection" and "Free-trade" have become such partisan phrases that they are continually discussed with little reference to the principles they cover. Three-quarters of the discussion in the House turned solely on the question whether the tax on grain was or was not protectionist, while the question whether or no it was a good tax was left alone as unimportant. However the blessed word Free-trade united the Opposition for the first time in recent years; and under Sir Henry Fowler's speech, which certainly was a most thorough compendium of historic argument, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith and the spirit of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who could not inspire the debate in person, amicably sheltered. To those who welcome this tentative recurrence to indirect taxation one side issue is regrettable. The middlemen, represented in this case by the bakers, will benefit to the extent of 20 per cent. if they fulfil their threat of raising the price of bread; but, as it is, many of them are sufficiently dishonest to charge two prices according as the accidents of competition make it safe. On one small point Sir Michael Hicks-Beach amended his proposals. We drew attention last week to the high price of bran and its value to farmers, and in answer to Sir Charles Dilke the Chancellor of the Exchequer promised to reduce the duty on bran and what is known as "offal" from the 5*d.* which is to be levied on flour and farinaceous preparations to the 3*d.* which is to be levied on corn.

Where is that happy land in which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has observed agricultural labourers who earn "perhaps thirteen shillings a week with a few more shillings among their families" sitting down daily to all such comestibles as a man can want? Can these be memories of Netheravon, out of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was driven by the importunate demands of the military? Or are they Cotswold experiences? Sir Michael's picture of how the British peasant lives to-day is even a brighter one than a certain Sir John Sinclair painted a hundred years since of how the agricultural labourer would thrive, give him but two or three acres and a cow. But seriously Sir Michael goes a little too far. The agricultural labourer is not the serf of stale and spiteful radical fiction, but he does not exactly batten on the fat of the land. The spectacle of your man of millions smacking as it were his lips over the imaginary menu of the ploughman or the carter is not quite edifying.

The Beer Bill, once the Pure Beer Bill, has received its quietus. Sir Cuthbert Quilter and its other supporters attribute their defeat to the superior attractions



of the City and Suburban Handicap. In reality they were beaten by a single speech. Mr. Fletcher Moulton delivered a scientific address and the prettiness of his illustrations from chemistry and botany quite won over his unscientific audience. Brewing is a department of science and thanks to the scientific control of the process of fermentation a brewer can now insure uniformity in his results. To refuse leave to employ the sugars necessary to attain this result would be a complete throwing back of science. Mr. Fletcher Moulton's Shakespearian allusion to "folly controlling skill" told as effectively as any Horatian tag in the days when every member of the House knew Latin. The debate was wound up by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach who asserted the impossibility of enforcing the suggested limitations on brewers; but it was the don who won the debate.

One is inclined to let the Deceased Wife's Sister remain deceased; but the significance of the list of signatories to a letter from women protestants against the Bill, published on Thursday morning, is too great to be passed over. It is a letter of thanks to those members of Parliament who voted against the Bill. Letters similarly signed, though naturally in a different sense, were sent to members who voted in favour of the Bill and to those who did not vote either way. Distinguished women representing every branch of life are to be found amongst the signatories. Both political parties are represented by the wives of well-known members; while the representation of intellectual and educational ability is especially strong. We need mention only Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Romanes, Mrs. A. T. Lyttelton and Miss E. Wordsworth. It is a pity the letter was not signed by some distinguished actress. That is the only serious omission. This letter should teach those who are so anxious to upset the marriage laws that it would be as well to take into the account the women of England, for it is they who have most at stake in this matter.

Ministers suffer themselves to be drawn gladly. Especially from Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain any person, it appears, can elicit declarations of great length. Mr. Chamberlain has just favoured a North London local politician with his reading of the Education Bill. The whole gist of his letter is to show how little the Bill does for Church schools. It emphasises the amount of self-control the managers of these schools will have to renounce, the amount of the burden Churchmen will still have to bear unaided. It is very amusing to observe how this or the opposite aspect of the Bill is insisted on according as the correspondent is a nonconformist or a Churchman. There is no need for all this diplomacy. The Bill is a good bill; we do not think it the best possible or the best practicable, but it is a good one and the general sense of the nation will accept it—provided always that Part III. is made compulsory. On this point we augur well from Mr. Chamberlain's hesitating and guarded allusion to the optional clause. Evidently the Government mean to be persuaded.

Prize speeches are often not much better than prize poems, but there was a happy exception in Mr. Balfour's address at the Mansion House to the prize winners in the commercial classes established by the London Chamber of Commerce. British trade has suffered from the backwardness of commercial education and the growing success of these classes is a welcome sign of change. But the opposite danger is more vital. Any education which is solely designed to equip a man for any one particular object will arrest in the sequel the success even of the narrow end in view. At this moment the commercial interests of English people are more damaged by that insularity of character, which Mr. Balfour effectively contrasted with its imperial setting, than by all our deficiency in technical knowledge. It is good that the Chamber of Commerce, by affording facilities of commercial knowledge, has been able to check the predominance of the German clerk, but in the final analysis commercial success depends on big ideas, and the big ideas come from the men whose minds have been cultured by an education

which has no other object than to make character. The point to emphasise is that commerce provides a fine field in which an educated man may make his training felt. *Literæ humaniores*, in the broad or narrower sense, give even a man of commerce a more useful instrument than the best technical education has devised.

The House of Commons showed both timorousness and slackness in not crushing in its cradle the scheme of the County Council for constructing a tramway along Victoria Embankment. The proposal was carried by a majority of 19 votes and will be submitted to a select committee. Such a body, which is not deprived of the duty of "never thinking for itself at all" by the fear of constituents, may be trusted to put a stop to such fidgety vandalism. Mr. Banbury, with whom we do not often agree, showed unique courage among London members, and no æsthetic sense is needed to appreciate his point. "No traffic" he said "went between Westminster and Blackfriars". But apart from arguments of utility, that part of the Embankment is the finest view in London, more precious to Londoners than the Richmond view, and to run trams along it would compare with the municipal ruin of the High in Oxford. "Earth hath not anything to show more fair" wrote Wordsworth on Westminster Bridge just a hundred years ago. In case some members of the County Council and even of the House of Commons should not have seen the sonnet in their selections, we may continue the lines.

"Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty."

And trams, even though designed as the promoters promise, "to please the most æsthetic sense", are not—somehow—consonant with majesty.

A fire, only less disastrous than that which cleared two acres of ground in the same neighbourhood four years ago, broke out in the Barbican on Monday night. It originated, no one knows how, in the premises of a hat manufactory full of inflammable material. The buildings on the other side of the street were soon caught and it was only owing to some wonderful work of the fire brigade that the whole block of buildings up to Aldersgate Street was not destroyed. The work of the men was made exceptionally dangerous by the great number of wires from the Post Office which were continually falling. Something like £600,000 worth of damage is thought to have been done. No lives were lost; but on the same day an inquest was held on the bodies of seven persons who perished in a small fire at Hackney. It was proved that the fire originated in the ignition of the oil in a lamp, and it is probable that the loss of life is again due to the use of a low-flash oil. The "Star" has done good work in the past in concentrating attention on this constant source of danger and it is one which a very simple law would reduce to a minimum. How many more lives are to be lost before the recommendation of the County Council to raise the flash point of oil is adopted?

Pillsbury, the great chess-master, has been giving of late marvellous proof of his brain-power. For instance, blindfolded he has played simultaneously sixteen strong amateurs and lost but one game. Only they perhaps who, having won a certain knowledge of the openings, try when in good practice to play a single game blindfolded can form any idea of what the strain on Pillsbury must have been when he gave his exhibition at the City of London Chess Club. Of course this blindfold play is quite a branch of chess by itself, and knack to some extent may come in. But it is a triumph of intellect, and it shows how proudly independent of the eye the mind can be. Pillsbury's exhibition, as a wonder and delight of chess-players, may be ranked with Steinitz' gambit and Morphy's two or three greatest games against Andersenn.

We have the strongest sympathy with the concern shown by the Marquis of Ailesbury for the snow-leopard,—a very rare and extremely beautiful animal and gentle withal. That Lord Curzon should have chosen snow-leopard skins as part of the equipment of the Imperial Cadet Corps shows that he has not the

learning in natural history he has in most things; had he known much about the snow-leopard, he never could have done this thing. The Under-Secretary for India's answer to Lord Ailesbury was not at all satisfactory. He says there are only twenty officers in the corps. But the corps may grow. The skins were in the market; so the Government might as well buy them. But the purchase of a single skin by the Government is a practical incentive to the destruction of more of these animals. Those who sold these particular skins will naturally try to get more to offer the Government—and will get them. The harmlessness of the snow-leopard, according to Lord Hardwicke, is an open question. How can it be an open question? Those who hunted the animal must know whether it is savage or not. Moreover, that an animal should show its teeth to its slayer is not proof that it is harmful.

We trust that the article on Mr. Stephen Phillips in the current "Quarterly Review" will not have the effect credited, of course untruly, to that Review's famous article on Keats. Byron was quite right when in this very reference he said that articles do not kill people. Sometimes they do cure them; but we have as little hope that Mr. Phillips will be cured as fear that he will be killed by the "Quarterly" article. And yet it would certainly move anyone who could understand it, which is not to say that it will move either the outer or the inner ring of Mr. Phillips' admirers. Listen to the "Quarterly", whose recognition of such facile qualities as the poet has is far from niggardly:—"Nothing that is said by Herod might not as well be said by Mariamne: nothing that is said by either Mariamne or Herod might not better be said by a third person." "'Paolo and Francesca' seems at first sight to be more nearly a work of art than 'Ulysses' because it has nothing quite so bad as the prologue in heaven . . . ." Mr. Phillips' characters "pass, and the scenery is changed; . . . and nothing that they have done has moved us, and nothing that they have said has moved us; and we can always discuss the acting and the staging".

Mr. Phillips' work, it seems to the "Quarterly", is "neither original as poetry nor genuine as drama". "A particular kind of article is in demand at the theatre: who will meet that demand? Mr. Phillips comes forward with plays which seem to have been made expressly for the purpose." (Did we not say "poet to the trade"?) "Their defects help them hardly more than their merit. . . . They seem to make the art of the drama easy, and to reduce poetry at last to the general level." In this light one appreciates the commendation of "Ulysses" to a friend, quoted in the "Quarterly" "You won't hear the words!" That reminds us of the saying of a critic, a great lover of poetry, that if he went, he should go in the gallery, where he would be able to see without hearing.

The Bank returns of Thursday exhibit an increase in the total reserve of £809,100 at £25,203,400, but the expansion in the deposits with the accompanying liability effected a reduction in the proportion of 0.42 per cent. to 49.82 per cent. The public deposits have increased by £1,714,900 chiefly owing to payments on account of the new Consol issue. The stock markets have been fairly active, dealings in the Funds and American railway shares being the feature. The small allotment in the new issue of Consols necessitated some buying on the part of those who had oversold in anticipation of a higher proportion and the course of the premier security has been steady with an upward direction, closing at best. Home railways have been subject to some fluctuations but the trend has been towards greater appreciation although in some instances the best points reached have not been supported. American rails have been very active with wide fluctuations more especially in Union Pacific shares; the opinion is that a period of considerable activity has set in. South African mining shares have been firm and at the time of writing prices have hardened all round with an excellent undertone. There has been nothing of importance to record in the remaining markets. Consols 94½. Bank rate 3 per cent. (6 February, 1902).

## THE SHIPPING GANG AND YANKEE GRAB.

MR. MORGAN'S latest achievement, the Atlantic Shipping "Combine", may excuse him for thinking himself as almighty as his own dollars. He might naturally say of England what Jugurtha said of Rome "A city for sale; to be had by the highest bidder". One by one our industries are betrayed to the American. Our oil industry is controlled by the Standard Oil Company; the match trade, after a shameful exhibition of incompetency, has fallen into the hands of the Diamond Match Company; Mr. Duke with lavish expenditure is fighting for our tobacco trade. No corner of the industrial world is safe from the extraordinary gang of capitalists that govern the Great Republic. Mr. Yerkes, the hated of Chicago, controls the London railway service, and the all-pervading Mr. Morgan is financing another syndicate to undertake the tubing of London. Sir Lowthian Bell may prattle platitudes and Sir Christopher Furness prophesy smooth things, but the fact remains that supremacy in the iron and steel trades has been given away to America, and will be finally lost when, by favour of Mr. Morgan, through export rates are obtained by the promised co-operation of the American railways with the new steamship "Combine". And when the Panama Canal is completed we may expect an attack on our Pacific trade as dangerous as any of the foregoing. English traders and manufacturers, backed by the "Times" newspaper, are absordedly engaged in selling their country to the United States for an apparent momentary advantage in cash down. There seems to be truth in the maxim, openly preached by some commercial men, that business knows nothing of patriotism.

The full details of the steamship "Combine" are at present obscure. The White Star, Red Star, Dominion, Leyland, and Atlantic Transport lines are known to be fully in the combination. Most of them are already controlled by American capital, and it is believed that Mr. Morgan has secured an interest in the White Star similar to that he obtained by his Leyland deal. A "satisfactory" working agreement has been arrived at with the Hamburg-America and North German Lloyd lines, and a few days ago Messrs. Harland and Wolff subscribed on behalf of the syndicate a large proportion of the new issue of capital lately made by the Holland-America company, thus bringing another important competitor into the pool. The "Trust" will control eight lines with 254 ships of an aggregate tonnage of 1,200,000 tons. The Cunard line is outside with a tonnage of 97,000 tons, but, as the recent shareholders' meeting showed, it is in the market. The Allan, Anchor, Beaver, Elder-Dempster, Donaldson, Manchester, Wilson and some other lines are still independent, but most of them have signed the general rate agreements for the Atlantic trade. The "Times", taken in by the specious concession that the several lines are to retain each its old flag and management, hailed the plan with a dithyramb of praise. But behind the separate executives stands a new American company holding a majority of the shares and controlled by Mr. Morgan. American interests are fully secured; we may trust the Germans to see that they are not damaged, but where is the guarantee for British interests? The inspired communication in the "Times" is a mere blind, calculated to deceive those who do not follow American methods of organisation. The Atlantic "Combine" is plainly modelled on the lines of the Steel Trust. There, too, the constituent companies retain their individual identity and separate management, but the Steel Trust, holding the majority of the shares, elects the directors and keeps them under control. So, too, will it be with the Shipping Trust, and the "independent" English directors must dance to an American tune. Mr. Morgan and his colleagues have no intention, we may be sure, of allowing the men they have bought to play ducks and drakes with £34,000,000 sterling of capital. In such circumstances "the flag", to put it bluntly, is a lie. And we have no lasting guarantee that we shall be left even that to cover our shame. Above all, what will be the position of our subsidised merchant cruisers belonging to the amalgamated lines? What claim would the Admiralty have over



these ships if war broke out with a power with whom the United States were friendly and they were in the neutral American ports? Still more—for we must always look for the worst in such bargains—what would be the situation if war broke out with America? Can the Admiralty answer these questions, will they answer them, or try to provide some solution for the difficulties? Mr. Gerald Balfour, on being questioned in the House of Commons, had "no information that the sale of British ships had taken place". All the world is talking about it, but the Board of Trade "has no information"! That is what the law calls having constructive notice. Possibly, however, Mr. Gerald Balfour does not know; possibly does not care.

The official explanation of the move is the necessity for economies in management, but it is significant that the deal was heralded by the raising of both freight and passenger rates from 10 to 50 per cent. under mutual agreements between the various transport companies. At present a large share of the Atlantic tonnage is in the Trust, and when the grip is tightened a little more there is no one so foolish as to believe in the moderation of the shipping kings, especially when dividends will have to be earned on heavily-watered capital. Ever since the unhappy "Mogul" decision made shipping rings legal the policy of English shipowners seems to have been first to ruin British trade by differential rates and then to sell out to the Americans and Germans. By a system of postponed rebates conditional on all freight being sent by the "conference" lines British shippers are bound hand and foot. International conferences or rings govern the Atlantic, Mediterranean, Cape, Indian, China, and Australian trades and the rates invariably are to the detriment of British manufacturers. The port of Antwerp owes more to the P. & O. Company than to the Dutch; the Belgian and German trade to India in iron and steel was fostered entirely by British shipping companies; thanks to differential rates made by British companies the export of American sheetings to Shanghai has trebled since 1893 while British exports have been stationary, and British cotton drills have been burdened with a freight rate equal to four per cent. on their value above that granted to Americans.

This is the pass to which private industrial enterprise (!) has brought this country. The nation will now have to step in to save its very existence. In the first place all agreements must be made public with their full conditions and rates of freight. Then secret or postponed rebates must be made illegal and the British merchant made a free man once more. Just as unjustifiable railway rates can be annulled by the Railway Commissioners, it may be necessary and it should be possible to cancel all differential rates in favour of foreigners. The wholesale disposal of British shipping lines ought to be subject to the consent of the Government. One thing must be made clear: shipowners must be the servants and not the masters of British commerce. Whatever the private interests of shareholders, in the long run it would be more tolerable for the British public to reconstruct a state-owned transport service than industrially to be in the hands of a foreigner.

#### THE FRENCH POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

THE progress of the electoral campaign in France marks a very distinct stage in the evolution of French politics. For the first time in the history of their Parliamentary government Frenchmen are employing the name of a party leader as a rallying cry. The battle to-day is not between Republican and Reactionary but between Ministerialists and Anti-Ministerialists. The question is not whether or no the candidate is for or against the Republic but whether or no he is a supporter of M. Waldeck Rousseau. This is a position to which neither Jules Ferry nor Gambetta ever attained, though both possessed those oratorical gifts which command the enthusiasm of crowds in a far higher degree than the present Prime Minister. The question to be solved to-morrow at the ballot-boxes is not the stability of the Parliamentary Republic but the victory or defeat of M. Waldeck Rousseau. It is not very evident at first sight that his victory or defeat will

make for or against the Republic, for his success will be a great personal triumph which in France always implies a possible Caesarism, while his defeat would renew the long and wearisome record of Parliamentary confusion and short-lived Ministries which M. Waldeck Rousseau has held in check for two years and a half.

As we have indicated on a previous occasion we believe that he will win. In the first place because the programme of his opponents is non-existent. *Pour faire un civet il faut un lièvre*. The making of a programme without principles is not an unknown feat for a political chef, but to capture the popular taste he must be a master of his craft, and his opponent must have already either surfeited or starved the popular palate. M. Waldeck Rousseau has committed neither of these errors and he is a *cordon bleu* in political cookery. Therefore the chances of the opposition are not brilliant. The only section among them offering anything to the electorate approaching to a programme are the "Revisionists", and their panacea is an increase in the powers of the President. This is of course heading straight for Caesarism and a "Plebiscitary Republic", a course which if we remember rightly was that taken by M. Deschanel at one time. But the President does not use even now all the powers he possesses, and who wishes to kill M. Waldeck Rousseau to make M. Loubet king? Presidents under the Republic have as a rule been chosen among those whom nature has not fashioned to be dangerous to the State from their ambition, and strong men have been persistently kept aloof from the Elysée by the instinct of self-preservation which is natural law in the political as in all other worlds. No one knows what the outcome of an Opposition victory would be except that it would mean renewed agitation and short-lived Ministries. "To be anti-Ministerial to-day does not imply what one may be to-morrow", says M. Charmes very frankly in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*", and so indefinite a pronouncement not only shows both the hopeless confusion of the Opposition, composed as it is of groups differing on all points save hatred of the Ministry, but also why Frenchmen who by a vast majority love a quiet life have no intention of inaugurating a new era of Ministerial unrest.

We have never admired the Prime Minister's policy or methods of putting it into execution, but he is a strong man and a consummate parliamentary tactician. These grounds alone however are not sufficient to account for the approaching victory which we believe to be not only probable but certain. Jules Ferry was almost as strong a man, and quite as clever a parliamentary manager, while Gambetta was incomparably superior as an orator, yet they were never in the position of M. Waldeck Rousseau. The solution of the problem is supplied to us by the opportune courtesy of the greatest living authority among Englishmen on French politics, Mr. Bodley, who has been good enough to furnish us with some of the advance sheets of the preface of a new edition, to come out early next month, of his great work on France. Our readers will be peculiarly interested to learn Mr. Bodley's views on the eve of the elections. "As a sympathiser" he says "with the aspirations of the extinct Liberal school I deplore M. Waldeck Rousseau's anti-Liberal legislation. But, as an observer who in spite of inborn prejudices believes that France requires the rule of one strong hand, I regard M. Waldeck Rousseau as the most efficient minister who has governed France under the Third Republic". We find little to criticise in Mr. Bodley's view thus expressed. We opposed the Associations Bill throughout, and we indicated our conviction that it was in every sense of the word unjust. It cannot be denied on the other hand that the injustice done to the religious Orders has aroused little resentment among the French people, and that there is little disposition to visit upon the Government their violation of every principle of fairness. Anything like a real Liberal party is as dead in France as it appears to be in Germany. In France such a party was always an exotic plant, it showed some tendency to flourish during the first half of the last century but has been decaying ever since. It is in fact repugnant to the instincts of the French people. The genius of the race is adapted for personal government and the

first Napoleon supplied it with an unequalled administrative machine. That machine is always manipulated by the existing power and, as Mr. Bodley points out, "the indifferent majority of the French people is in favour of the existing régime". They in short welcome the strong man, and M. Waldeck Rousseau is a very strong man, a Cæsar on Parliamentary lines. The Socialists and the Radicals are his Prætorians, and to keep them in good humour he throws them an anti-clerical Bill in which he feels no interest himself. How well he has succeeded may be seen from the fact that when necessary he fights his socialist allies by means of the Centre. The strange thing is that the socialists do not seem to have resented this; which demonstrates the fact that French politicians care less for the triumph of their own principles than for the defeat of their opponents. It is the predominance of this point of view which has always foredoomed Parliamentary government in France to failure. The essence of the Parliamentary system is the existence of a spirit of compromise which welcomes the half loaf rather than no bread, while the essence of French politics seems to be to make sure that your adversary shall have nothing to eat. A Whig party was always impossible in France, but traditional Whig methods seem to have insinuated themselves into French Parliamentary socialism. M. Millerand, after two years of office, is now denouncing "unpractical social ideas" and Mr. Bodley boasts with truth that his own opinions, long since expressed, are justified—"that French Parliamentary socialism does not menace France with economic peril".

Republicanism in France is in itself so paradoxical that there is nothing to surprise us if Mr. Bodley's appreciation of the electoral problem is as paradoxical as it is undoubtedly true. Jules Ferry, he says, failed because he was a genuine Republican and could have served no other régime than the Republic: M. Waldeck Rousseau "was not in the same way identified with the genius of the Republic or with representative institutions" and "he is free from doctrinal prejudices", he is in fact an Opportunist with a turn for Cæsarism. He is besides "the only prime minister of the Republic during the last twenty years of the century rich enough to be quite independent of office". We have thus supplied to us by the most brilliant critic of modern French institutions the three qualifications for rendering a minister irresistible at the polls, wealth, absence of principle and freedom from prejudice. We do not forget that the victory of the Government will be for the benefit of the world and of France herself from one point of view because it involves the retention of M. Delcassé at the Foreign Office, but he must be a cynic indeed who sees in the success of the Prime Minister a victory for the Parliamentary Republic.

#### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CORN DUTY.

IT will be well for the country to get before its mind what the precise effect of the new duties is to be; which neither Sir Edward Strachey's foolish speech nor anything else said in the corn debate the other night helped one to do. The wheat duty is equal to half a farthing upon the price of the quartern loaf; but half a farthing could not be added; nor could a farthing; because, though the quotation is for the quartern loaf, loaves are usually sold in half-quarterns, and therefore the smallest possible rise is of a half-penny. Now is it to be supposed that a rise in the price of wheat equal to half a farthing will be permanently made the excuse for raising the price of bread by four times as much? We say permanently because it is possible—here and there we believe it has already happened—that bakers have "tried it on"; but the baker's is a competitive and a profitable trade, and it would therefore be contrary to all experience of business to imagine that even if a large number of bakers tried to extort the extra halfpenny they would not quickly be brought down by enterprising competitors. The telegram which the largest baker in Glasgow sent to Mr. Chaplin the other day—"No advance nor any chance of an advance in the price of bread in Glasgow"—represents accurately

the permanent situation under the new duties. To this obvious deduction Sir William Harcourt retorts by the question, If the duty will not fall upon the consumers, upon whom will it fall? When a commodity goes through a number of hands, when some of the producers are taxed and some are not, it is impossible to prophesy exactly how the ultimate incidence of the tax will be distributed. Will the home farmer and the home miller raise their prices by the amount of the tax, or will they be content with the old price, in which case the foreign farmer and the foreign miller will have to pay the duty or be undersold? The answer to the question depends upon such a number of varying circumstances relating to production both at home and abroad that it is impossible to state it in advance. The chances are that since the foreign production, owing to the abandonment of our arable cultivation, at present commands the English market, the price of wheat will be raised by 3d. per cwt. or something like it. With regard to flour, where the home competition is more severe, there will probably be some sort of division of the tax, which will mean that the baker will have a part of it transferred to him. But as to the consumer of the bread, he will remain unconscious of the existence of the duties. A somewhat similar line of argument may be applied to the other kinds of grain—barley, oats, &c.—but not to those kinds—maize, rice, &c.—which are not produced in this country. With regard to these, particularly maize, the duty is bound to fall upon the consumer; and we would urge the Government therefore to remove such articles from the list. Such a concession would be justified by true political economy, and would be gratefully accepted by farmers, horsekeepers, and all users of maize.

But the real interest attaching to the new duties centres upon the controversy as to whether the institution of these new duties is the establishment of Protection in our fiscal system. To our mind but one answer is possible. These new duties are the establishment of the protective principle. For the first time for many years there are now imposed in this country duties upon certain articles coming from abroad which meet with the competition of home production when they arrive here, and upon the home production no countervailing excise is charged. That is Protection. But will these duties act as Protection in practice? We think they will, very slightly. The farmer sitting, metaphorically and physically, upon his fence, regarding his field, wondering whether it is worth while to try a crop once more, or whether he had better not let it go down to grass, will in some cases be tempted by the little help which these duties give to try once again. And so with the miller endeavouring to decide whether he can continue any longer against the gathering force of foreign competition. At the same time these duties are totally inadequate. Though they may check a little the miserable ebb of arable cultivation in this country, they cannot restore the industry to its old-time position. And that above all is what the country needs to-day. The wheat lands of England are unsurpassed, in few cases even reached, by any in the world. And therefore, according to strict economy, it is pure loss that they should be abandoned. But even were it not so, even though our acres could not be made to yield more than those, say of Russia, it would still be the first duty of our statesmen to give such help to home agriculture as would put under arable cultivation every acre reasonably possible. As Burke said, in every country the first creditor is the plough. The nation which abandons agriculture abandons the fundamental principle of its life and power. The vitality of the race, the manhood of the nation, are bound up in the prosperity of the country-side. The fact cannot be too often quoted that pure-bred Londoners die out in the third generation. Many of our reverses, much of our failure to do better in South Africa, may be attributed to the lack of physique of our town-bred soldiers. The navy, which has yearly to be increased, and finds it yearly more difficult to get its full personnel, is drawn from the villages, from the rural more than from the fishing villages. In the interests of our manufactures even a populous country-side is necessary; for the best market for



manufactures is always the market to be found at the factory's doors; and that is more than ever true now that export markets, owing to the development of foreign industrialism, are continuously shrinking both in volume and profit. And there is the paramount question of our food supply in war. Every time we order foodstuffs from abroad we give a hostage to possible enemies. We must rehabilitate our agriculture. And that can only be done by Protection. Let us return to the sliding scale—the system under which there is maintained a reasonable price for bread-stuffs, which will admit of a decent profit to all concerned in the industry, the consumer being guarded against excessive prices by the diminution and abandonment of the duties when the market price exceeds a certain level. For a generation past this policy has been in disfavour, but national opinion is moving steadily towards its re-acceptance.

#### CABLE COMMUNICATION.

THE Report of the Inter-departmental Committee on the system of cable telegraphs of the Empire will appear rather cold-blooded to enthusiasts on the subject. It is not alarmist, and it is not strikingly impatient with things as they are. With regard to rates, for example, the committee do not consider them excessive except to the Gold Coast and Nigeria. This may possibly be remedied by the Government bringing into operation one of its indirect powers of checking unreasonableness. The Eastern Telegraph Company's landing rights at Porthcurno end in 1903 and advantage may be taken of this to obtain a lowering of the rates. Since the committee first met the lowering of the Indian rate from four shillings to half a crown has taken place. The committee discovered to its surprise that this reduction which had been agreed on by the India Office, the Eastern Telegraph Company, and the Indo-European Telegraph Company, parties to what is known as the Joint Purse Agreement, could not be carried into effect without the consent of Russia and Germany. This right arose out of the concessions made to the Indo-European Company for its overland route, and on the position of the parties as members of the International Convention and Service Regulations. The Report discusses in great detail the desirability or otherwise of the continuance of the Joint Purse Agreement and the adhesion of this country to the International Convention, but goes no further than to mention certain matters requiring revision. But the immediate point of controversy has been determined by the communications from the Russian and German Governments, which the committee refers to in the second part of the Report, stating that they withdrew all opposition to the proposed change on certain terms which have been arranged.

During the discussions out of which arose the appointment of the committee, the strategic value of cables, the desirability of their being owned by Government, and the question of extending the cable system for strategic reasons played a great part. Cable cutting is admittedly a probable occurrence in maritime warfare; and this makes the question of alternative routes important. Some of the evidence taken is withheld from the Report as being of a confidential nature; but the question of "All British Cables" is discussed at considerable length. The committee think that public opinion has tended to over-rate the importance of all-British routes. They sum up their conclusions by saying that appreciable but not paramount value must be attached to all-British routes: every important colony or naval base should possess one cable to this country which touches only on British territory, or on the territory of some friendly neutral: after that there should be as many alternative cables as possible, following normal routes suggested by commercial considerations. Of the very many schemes submitted by witnesses for the construction of new lines, the committee did not think there were more than three which would justify the state either in constructing them itself or in aiding their construction from the public funds. Moreover they say they are strongly opposed to the general purchase of cables by the state. They will not admit that the state would manage them better than the

private companies, and they assert that since many of the cables touch on foreign territory serious difficulty would arise if the Government worked them by its own operators. On the question of cost of purchase Sir Edward Sassoon ventured on what he called a rough estimate of £5,000,000 for cables owned by British companies. The committee discovered that probably £25,000,000 would be a fair estimate. This part of the report is the least satisfactory. It appears from the explanation of the committee that the state has small control over the cables through its subsidies and its concessions, or by ownership of competing lines, but all its arguments and suggestions are made with the object of showing that it is not desirable to increase control. It desires that Government control should be as light as possible, that landing rights should not be charged for lest cable enterprise should be burdened, that there should be "free trade" in cables, and that landing rights should not be refused in order to protect British companies against competition, even against the competition of foreign lines which are either subsidised or owned by their states.

The three lines which the committee recommended should be constructed are the following (1) A cable connecting either Rodriguez and Ceylon, Cocos-Keeling and Ceylon, or Cocos-Keeling and Singapore. This would add a spur to the new Cape-Australia line and would give a new all-British cable route to India. The Pacific cable when completed will furnish an alternative route to the present one by the Cape, but the former will touch on Dutch territory, and the latter would be interrupted if the cables between Aden and Bombay were cut. (2) A land line connecting the Straits Settlements and Burmah: (3) an all-British cable to S. Lucia from Jamaica "as soon as the state of cable enterprise in the West Indies permits". This is desired by the Admiralty for strategic reasons, and the committee think it highly desirable that it should be laid. Yet it seems to be waiting until the British Cable Companies in the West Indies shall be in the mood to compete for construction, and will not hear of Government intervention. The story told does not sound very convincing. It is one which seems eminently fit to come before that reconstructed committee on which the various departments are represented, called the Cables (Landing Rights) Committee. The Report proposes that in future it shall be entitled "The Cables Committee"; that its functions shall be amplified and enlarged; that all points of cable policy shall be referred to it; that there shall be a chairman with knowledge and experience devoting the full time required for the adequate discharge of the duties of the office; and that it shall report direct to the Treasury instead of to the Board of Trade. This proposal of a new expert adviser of the Government indicates a decided concession to the principle of Government control, and the S. Lucia case suggests the decided advantage of bringing the proposal into operation without further loss of time.

#### LE PETIT PARIS.

HOW fond are most of us of detecting—so we imagine—little likenesses, little similarities, between peoples, countries, things! We start the day with a comparison: it is colder or warmer than yesterday, the blossoms were more, or less, advanced last year. Herbert, infant in arms, is growing like his father, or—the resemblance to his mother is greater still. Here, hesitation. Father, or mother? Well, notice Herbert's eyes; but on the other hand observe Herbert's chin. Soon, Herbert reminds one of his brother, his sister, Uncle John, Aunt Edith, an ancestor on the wall. Herbert the Many! Alas, poor Herbert: you have no individuality: you are no surprise: we have seen you before. Then, do not the newspapers—especially the bad newspapers—teem with similes, metaphors? We have read recently of "a wave of Guardsmen rippling down the street". "The tide of humanity" is favourite journalese. In a railway carriage, we have heard a stout, vulgar financial gentleman relieve the monotony of the journey by denouncing all women as "cats" and—worse still—as "snakes". We prefer the raptures of the novelette-writer, whose heroine

recalls Diana, with a mouth like Cupid's bow and eyes like a gazelle's. Gushing persons who have handled a Cook's ticket—Paris to London, via Dieppe and Newhaven, available for eight days—protest that the Thames reminds them of the "dear old Seine". For, from the Embankment, they see many a row of coloured lights; and that suffices! The sides of the Seine, immediately! Vienna is like Paris . . . because it is bright. The Unter den Linden resembles the Champs Elysées . . . on account of its trees. And Brussels? Well, Brussels, by reason of its boulevards, its cafés, its gay observance of Mardi Gras and Mi-Carême, has been christened "le petit Paris".

That was a sudden saying: and its author must be deemed thoughtless, unimaginative, unintelligent. Brussels is not a "petit Paris". With this, most heartily, will every Parisian agree; here, will the Parisian thank us, crying, "Say it aloud, say it everywhere. There is no 'little Paris'—but one Paris only, a vast, a beautiful, a brilliant Paris; and there are no little Parisians, but only the Parisians of the grands boulevards, the Latin Quarter and Montmartre." And, to this, we promise, "We will say it aloud, we will say it everywhere". And the Parisian, borrowing Zola's famous phrase, will reply, "Bien! La vérité est en marche; rien ne l'arrêtera". So, in the interests of truth and justice, let us proceed to show that Brussels is no "petit Paris"; and as our mission is therefore both admirable and glorious, let us be excused comparison upon comparison. First of all, the Bruxellois. He is not witty, nor is he gay. He cannot rejoice; he is not easily to be moved—with few exceptions he is a bourgeois. "Lourd", the Parisian would say. "Heavy", certainly, and often coarse; for he eats too much, sleeps too much, and reads Georges Ohnet. His umbrella is voluminous; his clothes must be cut by shears; his boots creak, and his watch-chain is massive. And thus—unlike the Parisian—he never looks trim or eccentric: never can be mistaken for an artist, a decadent, a viveur: never sets one smiling, never interests, far less amazes. A gourmand, but nothing of a gourmet—how he swallows his coffee, his bock, his soup! He cannot sip; he cannot enjoy a cigar, but puffs at it noisily. A meal must have no pauses; the conversation must be free of subtleties, ambiguities, little ironies. The proper place for the napkin is the neck; and the most important event of the day is over when once the napkin has been thrown aside. And then, in the cafés, no exhilaration. Last week, in the midst of the crisis, the Bruxellois played dominoes and read his dull paper as usual. The Parisian would have gossiped, gesticulated; the Parisian would have told how he had approached the Maison du Peuple and there unarmed, unprotected, stood amidst hundreds of strikers and below the Socialists' great red flags. And the flags bore bows of crape. And the flags fluttered. And the flags were sinister, ominous, mon cher. And—no matter. The Bruxellois was fearful of the House of the People: kept to his café or remained indoors. Also, in Paris, every important thoroughfare would have been alive, animated. Cries would have gone up, and mobs would have marched. The police and Garde Républicaine would have charged, and the mobs would have run. In fine, more Dreyfus Days; more amusement for the students, more work for the Jules Guérins and Paul Déroulèdes. But Brussels has no Déroulède: and Brussels, without a Déroulède, cannot be a "petit Paris". And Brussels has no Boul' Mich', no Taverne Lorraine, no Bal Bullier: no Pierres and Pauls, no Musettes and Mimis: no Bibi la Purée. And all these are essential, and their follies are essential; but who has seen a band of Brussels students dancing down the Montagne de la Cour arm-in-arm, an amazing row; or respectfully saluting S. Gudule at break of day, or sipping coffee in a milk-shop at half-past seven in the morning? Where are the Pauls, the Mimis of Brussels? Import them, if you can, messieurs les Bruxellois.

In a sense, Brussels lives by night; but its nocturnal distractions are, to us, unpleasant, harrowing. If night restaurants must exist, they should be brilliant, animated; else, the sadness shows. Let there be flower-women with great bouquets, for some freshness. Let there be

tzigane music, to drown discordant voices. Let there be no lull: for in a lull grim truths reveal themselves. Hard by the Hôtel de Ville, however, near beauty, near grandeur, are little café-chantants with coloured lamps above the entrance and a shabby porter before the door. Here, the Bruxellois seeks dissipation; here, the Bruxellois would "see life" after the manner of the Parisian. Life, indeed! Never were places more lifeless, never were performers less alive. Seated on a platform, before a rude table, the singers: six women in tawdry dresses, and a negro in a scarlet coat and with crooked eyes. Immediately below them, at the piano, a scrubby man. The negro sings monotonously a "coon" song, executes wearily a step-dance; then hastens down the steps that connect the platform with the table, and collects centimes from the audience in a shell. Returning to the platform, he counts up his profits as the woman next to him does her "turn". Chink, chink, go the centimes; the woman—a hollow-cheeked, an emaciated woman, forty or more—describes in tuneless tones her many love affairs. Then, she presents her shell, counts up her profits and sweeps them into a reticule that hangs on her chair. Each woman has a reticule, and each woman cares only for her centimes. The accompanist bangs and bangs on the piano. The audience hail the women, and get wan smiles. In the air, smoke. Behind a counter, a monstrous woman—the patronne—who hands forth little glasses of tepid beer. Sometimes, in passing, the women plead for refreshment: this, the monstrous patronne demands of them. From many, they get rough refusals; from others, a glass of punch or champagne. Such champagne, such punch! Both cost one franc; but the Bruxellois, who is economical, haggles over the price. The negro sings again . . . "My gal is a high-born lady" . . . then shuffles his feet. But he collects few centimes this time; and no one, of course, offers him punch or champagne. The hollow-cheeked woman breaks out into the "Soldiers of the Queen". . . because she spies Englishmen in the salle. Certain words she emphasises with a stamp of the foot; now and again she strikes what is supposed to be a soldierly attitude. The Englishmen are generous; the woman tells them that she is "sick" of life. She speaks many languages, having travelled constantly in a circus all over Europe. When the monstrous patronne watches her, she tries to be sprightly, gay. Ultimately, she leaves the salle, returns to the platform, where she drops her profits into the reticule. Chink, chink, go the centimes. "Il m'aime bien, bien; il m'aimera toujours", says a haggard chanteuse. But we are admiring the Hôtel de Ville before she has finished her song: and then, in quest of a cab, pass through cobbled streets and eventually turn into a broad thoroughfare. No cabs, however. Only upon very important occasions does a Bruxellois hail a cab. We must walk. Not a cab on the way. Again, Brussels is not "le petit Paris".

#### IN THE LAND OF DAFFODILS.

EVERYBODY is full of complaints of the trying winter this year has subjected us to: no keen, bracing, healthy winter of snow, and frost, and clear sky: but a time of dirty fogs, low, gloomy clouds, endless east wind, drying up one's very marrow. With what delight, then, one hails at last the first days of real spring, with what an unusual delight! Springtime, the poets tell us, is for lovers and youth. Well, of the lovers we will say nothing; but we do take leave to question about youth. When the blood courses freely and hotly through the veins; when the world is all before us for conquest, and in our delightful, becoming confidence and arrogance we feel that we have only to will, and conquered it shall be; when disappointment and failure are little more than names, and impossibility itself impossible, if we so choose it; when the weathercock is the most useless of appurtenances, for it matters not a puff to us from what quarter the wind blows: in this blessed early existence we do take leave to question whether any man tastes the true savour of spring and welcomes it with rapture. It comes but as one of the seasons to him; and there is sometimes more magical delight for him in the decay of ripe



October, as he sentimentally pleases himself with the richness of its foliage, the keen scent of its damp earth, the sighing of its wind through the thinning branches and stiffening reeds. Then all that these things suggest and symbolise are but fancies his imagination may toy with, since for him "the end is not by-and-by".

Happy youth, lusty and careless, enjoy yourself your own way while you can! Soon enough falls the first adumbration of the end, and then as midsummer-day closes there is regret in our heart. No, it is when middle-age comes stealing on, that a man is all expectancy for the spring, and runs out to meet her advance. The first flower in the bank, the first yellow butterfly hovering along the purple hedgerow, the first faint shimmer of green there,—he almost doubts his eyes: what mists seem to lift off him, what hope springs up, how his strength and capacity for life renew themselves! He does not need the poets to inspire him, nor the philosophers to sustain him. Nature herself, his own mother Earth, take him in hand and make a new man of him: at their breath and touch the dead bones come together and live.

The critic may urge that we are speaking of the country, while multitudes of us alas! have to abide shut up within "the hideous town". That is so, no doubt, and it is a trying fact. Many modern inventions tend to increase the town's hideousness, its undesirability as a place for human habitation. But as against these we must in fairness set certain inventions and facilities which tend to mitigate their disastrousness, and so make things endurable. Think what flowers mean to every decent man and woman, and think how nowadays the most exquisite of them are brought within our reach here in our tainted London! The daffodils, for instance—those peculiar beauties of the springtime—for a few pence what splendid bunches of them we can, so to say, gather in our streets, to refresh our rooms with their loveliness and fragrance! Assuredly, no flower that blossoms is more delicate, is more enlivening, in a subtle way is more daintily fragrant, than these infinitely varied, incomparable harbingers of the spring. Plucked and set in our vases they will keep their freshness for days: and there is many a kind that will actually grow for us in our windows, grow and flourish there, in spite of grime and gloom and airlessness. We have just now spoken of the yellow butterflies, some stray one or two of which, tempted out from their winter sleep, may be seen on a sunny morning in early spring sporting along the hedgerow. What exquisite creatures they are! But not more exquisite than these narcissi, which in texture, in colour, in form wholly rival them, and come to us, not in ones or twos, but in "hosts" to use the poet's word, and stay with us, themselves making sunshine for us, be the heavens never so overcast. The comparison of our narcissi with the butterflies may be carried far without undue fancifulness. There is a vast family of butterflies, the Pieridæ, the most delicately and gaily coloured, perhaps, of all, of which our well-known English whites, and brimstones, and orange-tips are types. How singularly like in their coloration, in their texture, sometimes even in their form, are these Pieridæ and the narcissi! How irresistibly they remind us one of the other! White and yellow and orange the prevailing colours, and the soft green of the flowers' leaves matching the apparent green of the insects' undersides. If only in the narcissi we might have a dash now and again of black, the resemblance would seem complete.

As we wonder at these delicious flowers, and the more we contemplate and curiously study them, we are filled with admiration and gratitude for what the horticultural art has accomplished in their cultivation, and is still year by year accomplishing. Each season brings with it some fresh development of form and hue. Not that the old forms and hues lose their charm and are displaced, but perpetually are they being added to. Even the most casual stroller through our parks is aware of this: but really to appreciate what is being done we must give ourselves a few hours' holiday one bright day, and visit the very nursing-homes of these entrancing creatures—let us say Messrs. Barr and Sons' spacious grounds at Long Ditton in Surrey, but ten minutes' walk or so from the Surbiton station, the

easiest place in the world for a busy Londoner to run down to. Those few hours' holiday we shall be more than repaid for snatching; they will send us back to our work strangely refreshed. For indeed to wander up and down among these vast stretches of "dancing daffodils" is to fancy oneself translated back into the flowery plain of Enna, or the very unsullied meads of Paradise itself. It is far different from your ordinary flower-show, however sumptuous, with its crowd of fashionables and its stifling marquees. Here you are under the open sky, in a space of sweet English country with its rich lanes and stately elm trees, wandering alone at your will amid constantly changing beauty, and the delicate perfumes the pure air wafts around you. What a world of good it does to body and brain and heart this hour or two's translation! And the longer you stay the more the charm of the place steals upon you. You cannot take the glory in at a glance. Neither art nor nature, and here are both interwoven, will give up its secrets to a careless, idle eye. You must look patiently and curiously, if you are to appreciate what art and nature have been at work upon with subtle changefulness. It is in the turn of a petal, the inexpressible fresh shade of a colour, the dainty combination of some slightly strange form and tint, that the true lover of flowers will find here his interest constantly awakened, his appreciation constantly won.

And this year, as in former years, there is no failure in the varieties Messrs. Barr present us with either in regard of number or distinction. Some of these are entirely new, not yet ready to be put on the market, some indeed are still waiting to be named. To be allowed a sight of these beauties before they are formally introduced to the world gives you a certain sense of intimacy with the very aristocracy of flowers, which one may be pardoned for feeling undeniably gratifying. The superb white trumpet-daffodil, Peter Barr, is one of these, unrivalled for its combination of size and delicacy, and well named after the venerable founder of the firm, to whose enthusiasm and assiduous pains through so many long years all lovers of the narcissi owe so much. But passing to varieties recently, or hardly more than recently, offered to us, among the trumpet-daffodils what more glorious blooms can be imagined than the golden-yellow Lord Roberts, King Alfred, and Monarch; or the exquisitely refined white and primrose Weardale Perfection and Madame de Graaff; or the still unique Apricot with its trumpet passing from primrose to the colour of the fruit that names it, and with a fragrance in it like that of violets? Or if our choice lie amongst the chalice-cupped daffodils, the Star Narcissi, not less lovely and impressive are the white and citron Maggie May, the pure white Beatrice, the white Cassandra with its cup of deeply rimmed dark red, the white Lucifer with its cup of glowing orange. Or again, it may be we are for the smaller plants to grow in our pots and window-boxes. Well, there for us are the King and Queen of Spain of the softest, most delicate clear yellow; or the elegant little rich yellow *Iuncifolius*, scarce bigger than a buttercup; or the *Pulchellus* with its perianth of primrose and cup of white; or the delicious *Triandrus albus*, the Angels' Tears, a very white cyclamen from Spain. But we must bring our list to an end, a mere dozen or so out of the long list of varieties amongst which we may make our choice. Ah, yes, but to make our choice, that is the difficulty! Where each flower is so enchanting, seems indeed so incomparable, how are we to elect and to reject? As we stop and look at each, that very one our eyes are upon at the moment seems as if it were the best—and indeed it may well more than suffice the most exigent of tastes.

#### SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

LAST Wednesday the year brought in its annual feast-day at Stratford-on-Avon; and the feast-day seems to have been observed with more than usual intensity. I learn from a daily paper that Stratford was "full of devout pilgrims from every part of the world—gentle souls to whom Shakespeare supplies the chief interest, study, and enthusiasm of life... a contemplative crowd of scholars and devotees not seeking excitement, but finding deepest satisfaction in

quiet enjoyment of their worthy study". Imagination is not, somehow, inspirited by this picture. I suspect that even the buoyant shade of the poet himself, sailing over Stratford, may have been slightly depressed by sight of all those prigs—that is, if there really *was* a townful of them. But elsewhere the birthday of Shakespeare has been kept in a more cheerful and rational way. Remembering the date, we have paused, for a moment, turning our thoughts, with all pride and affection, to Shakespeare's memory, and then have gone the gladlier about our business or pleasure. It is right that we should pay such personal homage, now and again, to him whose name is bound up with the especial glory of our literature—of all literature. And yet, I confess, I should be not at all sorry if Shakespeare's name were presently swept into oblivion.

Calm yourself, reader. I am not a Baconian. So far as I have been examining the evidence in the controversy, I do not feel myself tempted to secede from the side on which (rightly, inasmuch as it is the obviously authoritative side) every ignorant person ranges himself. Even the hottest Baconian, filled with the stubbornest conviction, will, I fancy, admit in confidence that the utmost thing that could, at present, be said for his conclusions by a judicial investigator is that they are "not proven". To be convinced of a thing without being able to establish it is the surest recipe for making oneself ridiculous. The Baconians have thus made themselves very ridiculous, and that alone is reason enough for not wishing to join them. And yet my heart is with them, and my voice urges them to carry on the fight. It is a good fight, in my opinion, and I hope they will win it.

I do not at all understand the furious resentment which they excite in the majority. Mistaken they may be; but why yell them down as knavish blasphemers? Our reverence, after all is given not to an Elizabethan yokel, named William Shakespeare, who was born at Stratford, and married, and migrated to London, and became a second-rate actor, and afterwards returned to Stratford, and made a will, and composed a few lines of doggerel for the tombstone under which he was buried. Our reverence is given to the writer of certain plays and sonnets. To that yokel and second-rate actor, because we believe that he wrote those plays and sonnets, we give that reverence. But our belief is not such as we give to the proposition that one and two make three. It is a belief that has to be upheld by argument when it is assailed. When a man says to us that one and two make four, we smile and are silent. But when he argues, point by point, that in Bacon's life and writings there is nothing to show that Bacon might not have written the plays and sonnets, and that there is much to show that he did write them, and that in what we know about Shakespeare there is little evidence that Shakespeare wrote those works, and much evidence that he did not write them, then we pull ourselves together, marshalling all our facts and all our literary discernment, in order that we may convince our interlocutor of his error. But why should we not do our task urbanely? The cyphers, certainly, are stupid and tedious things, deserving no patience. But the more intelligent Baconians spurn them as airily as do you or I. Our case is not so obviously strong that the arguments of these gentlemen can be ignored, and bad-temper does but hamper us in the task of demolition. The one possible justification for trying to browbeat and terrify the poor Baconians would be found in a conviction that if Bacon were proved to have written Shakespeare's plays and sonnets mankind would be robbed of one of those illusions which are necessary to its happiness and welfare. And such a conviction would be, of course, quite ludicrous.

Suppose that, one fine morning, Mr. Blank, an ardent Baconian, stumbled across some long-sought document which proved irrefutably that Bacon was the poet, and Shakespeare an impostor. What would be our sentiments? For the yokel and second-rate actor we should have not a moment's sneaking kindness or pity. On the other hand, should we not experience an everlasting thrill of pride and gladness in the thought that he

who had been the mightiest of our philosophers had been also, by some unimaginable grace of heaven, the mightiest of our poets? Our pleasure in the plays and sonnets would be, of course, not one whit greater than it is now. But the pleasure of hero-worship for their author would be more than reduplicated. The Greeks revelled in reverence of Heracles by reason of his twelve labours. They would have been disappointed had it been proved to them that six of those labours had been performed by some quite obscure person. The divided reverence would have seemed tame. Conversely, it is pleasant to revere Bacon, as we do now, and to revere Shakespeare, as we do now. But a wildest ecstasy of worship were ours could we concentrate on one of those two demigods all that reverence which now we apportion to each apart.

It is for that reason, mainly, that I wish success to the Baconians. But there is another reason, less elevated perhaps, but not less strong for me. I should like to watch the multifarious comedies which would spring from the downfall of an idol to which for three centuries a whole world had been kneeling. Glad fancy makes for me a few extracts from the issue of a morning paper dated a week after the publication of Mr. Blank's discovery. This from a column of "Literary Notes": "From Balham, Sydenham, Lewisham, Clapham, Herne Hill and Peckham comes news that the local Shakespeare Societies have severally met and decided to dissolve. Other suburbs are expected to follow." This from the same column: "Mr. Sidney Lee is now busily engaged on a revised edition of his monumental biography of Shakespeare. Yesterday His Majesty the King graciously visited Mr. Lee's library, in order to view personally the progress of the work, which, in its complete form, is awaited with the deepest interest in all quarters." And this, a leaderette: "Yesterday at a meeting of the Parks Committee of the London County Council it was unanimously resolved to recommend at the next meeting of the Council that the statue of Shakespeare in Leicester Square should be removed. This decision was arrived at in view of the fact that during the past few days the well-known effigy has been the centre of repeated disturbances, and is already considerably damaged. We are surprised to learn that there are thus in our midst persons capable of doing violence to a noble work of art merely because its subject is distasteful to them. But even the most civilised communities have their fits of vandalism. 'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.'" And this from a page of advertisements: "TO BE LET OR SOLD. A commodious and desirable mansion at Stratford-on-Avon. Delightful flower and kitchen gardens. Hot and cold water on every floor. Within easy drive of station. Hitherto home of Miss Marie Corelli." And this, again from the "Literary Notes": "Mr. Hall Caine is in town. Yesterday, at the Authors' Club, he passed almost unrecognised by his many friends, for he has shaved his beard and moustache, and has had his hair cropped quite closely to the head. This measure he has taken, he says, owing to the unusually hot weather prevailing." A sonnet, too, printed in large type on the middle page, entitled "To Shakespeare" signed by Mr. Stephen Phillips, and beginning thus:

"O undetected during so long years,  
Most irreplevially infamous,  
Stand forth . . ."

A cable, too, from "Our Own Correspondent" in New York: "This afternoon the 'Etruria' came into harbour. Among the passengers was Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, who had come over in personal charge of Anne Hathaway's Cottage, his purchase of which for £2,000,000 excited so much attention on your side a few weeks ago. Mr. Blank's sensational revelations not having been published to the world till two days after the 'Etruria' left Liverpool, the millionaire collector had, of course, no cognisance of the same. On disembarking, he proceeded straight to the Customs Office, and inquired how much duty was to be imposed on the cottage. On being courteously informed that the article would be passed into the country free of charge, he evinced considerable surprise. I then



ventured to approach Mr. Morgan and to hand him a journal containing the cabled summary of Mr. Blank's disclosures, which he proceeded to peruse. His comments I must reserve for the next mail, the cable clerks here demurring to their transmission." MAX.

#### THE GUILDHALL AND THE ART OF EXHIBITION.

ON Friday of last week I was arrested in the Chaussée d'Antin by the three Desperate Shadows that are to crown the Gate of Hell, glittering in the sun, and drawing near found that the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, which now lodges back to back with the older Salon in the Grand Palais, was opening its doors to a Presidential visit. Borne along in the wake of many honourable hats I did my Salon in an atmosphere of homage and scamper rather than of criticism; large painted scenes in which Monsieur Loubet played a corresponding part floated past on the banks like a dream within a dream; at another bend of the river stood the large stylish family of M. Carolus Duran, at another a very blue earthy paradise by M. Besnard, full of bland fauns and kind nymphs. Then I swam with difficulty through a nightmare passage of New Art beds, and came to land in a quiet bay, filled with rather interesting sketches of some Eastern place by M. Léopold Stevens. The last impression, as the first, was of Rodin; Victor Hugo's head, cinders of fire.

Back in London on the Saturday I discovered, rather late in the day, that there was an exhibition of French and English Eighteenth-Century Painting at the Guildhall. On Monday I returned, and again unwittingly became involved in official homage. The Lord Mayor and M. Cambon were exchanging international courtesies before a magnificent assembly, and Wilson and Gainsborough competed with gorgeous sheriffs and aldermen. These glories of our blood and State are substantial things, not shadows, and many a meaner beauty that might have poorly satisfied my eyes was eclipsed when such luminaries rose, to move votes of thanks.

Mr. Temple and the City Fathers deserve every vote they got; the exhibition is a delightful one, and my scrappy view must do it injustice. But the picture season presses thick upon us, so I must give my notes for what they are worth. To begin with, the mixture of French and English is an advantage. There is no more pernicious habit, if we consider the natural pleasure to be got from pictures, than the museum habit of arranging everything by nation, "school", and period. To do this is to reiterate a note till the sense for it is exhausted, ceases to take the full intention of a work, and can only employ itself dryly in measuring degrees of force and skill. Palmas and Bonifazios should never be multiplied in the same gallery with Titian; they should be distributed singly where no Titian is, and there awake a kind of possibility in absence of a Titian. For this reason the Salon Carré in the Louvre or the central gallery at the Wallace Collection is the right way of exhibiting; our National Gallery way is the wrong. Recently at the Louvre there has been an increase of the museum method. Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus", for example, has been banished to the departmental hutches of Dutch art that surround the new dreary shrine of the Luxembourg Rubens series. This kind of concentration camp for painters is detestable. Rembrandt, Ver Meer, De Hoogh, the best carousers and the best still-lifers, ought to be let out on parole from the ruck of school specimens. If this is true of a school, it is doubly true of individuals; no man should be allowed to hackney himself: to say the same thing a thousand times over in one place better and worse, in sickness and health. Paris yields a notable recent instance of this. Gustave Moreau, by his bequest, aided by the generous devotion of a friend, is to be seen, almost complete, in a single house. All the hoard of his studies sketches and pictures, buried in a napkin during his life, is handed over to the public in a block. Turner made the same mistake with us, Mr. Watts is making it. At 14 Rue de la Rochefoucauld you find this stored-

up debauch of fantasy in such profusion that the fantastic becomes commonplace. Three floors of a large house are packed with pictures; they overflow into pantries and passages; and that is only the beginning of it; for every panel in the place is one of a revolving system that opens out a series of a dozen or more studies. I will not stay here to discuss their absolute value, but a distribution would put the talent out to better usury: it would be more stimulating to find one of those inventions singly, were it in the waiting-room of a railway station, and so have the imaginative attack made once and sharply, than thus to plod through the workshop and diary of a spirit, testing on a growing callousness the sharpening and blunting of the weapon. A painter's works ought to be sold, rarely given: they should pass through the sieve of the market, of oblivion, be scattered and part destroyed, and the essential residue only collected in the end. Fire and the limekiln and the earth have helped to give the fragments of Greek art their power: presently we shall have dug up too much. It is a waste of pity, moreover, to consider the "student of art" in arranging galleries. The more obstacles we put in his way, the happier he really is, however he may grumble. If all painters of the past were arranged like Gustave Moreau, there would be nothing for him to do. And what is more—when the museum collection and arrangement of art is complete, not only the critic's occupation will be gone, but the artist's. Before the spectacle of all possible varieties of art, all links complete, all shades illustrated, he will be paralysed. When the museums are complete, there will be nothing for it but to let loose the Huns, to burn them down or scatter their contents to the four winds.

But I digress upon an absurdly narrow text. It is a good thing to have a mixture of two nations in an exhibition, but at the Guildhall also the fallacy of school and period stuffs and weakens the collection. Chardin shines out, but Watteau is only dimmed by the imperfect or unlikely pieces shown here under his name. Nor is Chardin himself quite judiciously treated. There are two still-lives, the ham, and the melon with a cauliflower, of first-rate excellence, worthy to be put beside the National Gallery loaf and one or two examples in the Louvre. A third, the eggs, &c., is good in the second rank. But the sign-pieces up above are coarse stupid stuff compared with these, mere curiosities, with good bits in them. And down below, in the big gallery is a picture described as the "Château de Cartes" of 1841 and a replica of M. Doucet's picture. Now the true Chardin of 1841 is in the Louvre, and is a lovely piece of work, all wonderful tender air-grey about the face of the boy. This is a crude affair, that, if it could be proved to be a Chardin, should never be shown for his. M. Doucet's differs from both. I should propose, then, to reduce the Chardins by three, or perhaps four, so as to get the sharpest sensation from him. Then I should bring beside or between them an adorable Wilson, the "Lake of Nemi", a wonder of silver cloud, fat blue-green and the right brown. Then there are Gainsborough's Cuyp cows and luminous sky, with Gainsborough's vibrating touch waking up the Dutch placidity. For the Turnerian beauty of its distance, too, his other landscape (painted at 20) might come in, though the market cart ambles off into another picture. And the little Gabriel St. Aubin should be kept—all nerve and pleasure. One Watteau, perhaps, for the sake of a beautiful striped dress, Fragonard's turkeys and "Foire de St. Cloud" and a Lancret or two. Perhaps, for its tone, a badly drawn child's head by Greuze. There is a great deal more that would occupy the attention agreeably if the vivid things were not present, but it is not the day of Boucher, of Drouais or Largillière when Chardin or Wilson is in full flower. Even such Gainsborough and Reynolds portraits as are shown are left over for a second meal. The ham, the melon and the cauliflower raised to this glory are enough for one day.

I recommend rather as dessert one or two pictures that make no great claim on the faculties but are surprising and amusing to come across. At the last Paris Exhibition some of the "maudits", the luckless painters who get crowded out of the middle places of

fame and yet were at times remarkably good, came out into the sun. Trutat, Boissard, Bazille were among the more recent of those occasional artists. So, at the Guildhall, there turns up a long lost Penny out of the eighteenth century, a being with a devotion equally pronounced for moral improvement and precise still-life. Contemporary with Greuze, he rebuked profligacy by painting a gouty leg (Virtue has never lacked its witness in the English school) and did it so nicely that the breeches and stocking are quite charming, and would win respect from *les Hogarth et les Frith de nos jours* at the New English Art Club. The Rev. W. Peters, on the other hand, was a sad dog (No. 74). The eighteenth century always hid a smiling face behind a frowning virtue, and it is altogether delightful of the Guildhall committee to have illustrated the tolerant clerical Peters and the stern lay Penny together. Another remarkable still-lifer is Highmore, a contemporary of Hogarth. Never was a sentimental pose matched with a more conscientious woodenness than in his portrait (56) but he comes off well in the grey and orange of the dress. An uncomfortable head is put down as "Malcolm the Murderess" by Hogarth. I feel doubtful of the red shadows as being Hogarth's, and of "Malcolm" I know nothing, but I think the lady's eye means murder.

I hope the committee will continue to fetch, in moderation, the unfamous painters out of their corners, and I would venture to suggest that in future they ignore periods and countries. If Mr. Temple were to keep an eye upon the sales of the year and impress the most interesting pictures that come under the hammer, he would secure a very interesting exhibition.

D. S. M.

#### MUSICAL REPUTATIONS REVISED.

IT is to be hoped the reader clearly understands that this series of articles is not intended to be a history of English music. A hundred columns of this Review would not be enough for the purpose. All I wish is to deal with the most significant men of each generation, leaving the smaller ones, even when they have done really good work in its way, to look after themselves. One cannot really "place" small men, the minor poets of music. So when I arrive at the Mendelssohn period there is no one save Sterndale Bennett to deal with. He was a man of distinct individuality, undoubted genius; and it is my belief that only an abnormal amount of modesty prevented him from doing all that was in him to do. He was an Englishman and he could not forget it. He seemed to share the opinion of his contemporaries that no Englishman could be an original musician. He unfortunately tried to become a German. He lived in Germany as long as he could; he adopted the German manner of writing which was in vogue at the time; and he returned to England a tenth-rate German composer to end his days ingloriously as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. It is commonly said—with the air of the statement being a truism which requires no proof—that he was an imitator of Mendelssohn. That is preposterous. He had an original gift of his own and only was afraid to let himself go. Though in his delicacy and refinement and slight fancy he certainly did resemble Mendelssohn, he no more imitated Mendelssohn than did Schumann. He simply availed himself of the common German technique of his period, a technique which was so useful to Mendelssohn, and was so much used by Mendelssohn, that the unthinking and uninquiring have come to the hasty and foolish conclusion that Mendelssohn invented it. It is easy, of course, to speak after the event; but as a great admirer of Bennett I may be permitted, perhaps, the remark that if he had had the courage to forget all about the time he lived in, and all about the men who were scribbling exercises by his side in his student days, and if he had gone back for his early models to the huge men who preceded him—say Beethoven and Schubert—he would have achieved great things. As it is, he did little. A few of his piano pieces, one or two of his earlier orchestral things, these are all that are remembered or deserve to be remembered. He could never have stood among the

greatest men; but had he dared to be himself, an English musician of genius, his work might very well have remained as a landmark in our musical history. Perhaps there was one other thing that was missing. He dared not admit to himself that he felt deeply about anything. He came into an age when Englishmen assumed that they possessed all fine qualities save that of fine feeling. It seems to me that if ever the thought of the mystery of human life, or of the tremendous mystery of death, aroused any emotion in him, he must have run away from it as soon as possible, as unworthy of a man, and that man an Englishman. No one arrives at creating great art works by suppressing his feelings. And whether this judgment of Sterndale Bennett is right or wrong, there remains the fact that a man of finely tempered character, of wonderful power of invention, has left little behind him of any value to the world, and in that little little of himself save a vague melancholy mood.

A number of other men may be dismissed with the mere mention of their names. Pearsall, Hatton, Hugh Pearson, Barnett—none of them left a footprint in the sands of time. Hatton will be remembered longest of them all, for did he not write songs which are still sung at smoking concerts? The Mendelssohn period was the worst we have ever known in England. The imitators of Handel were bad enough; it was bad enough to be mere echoes of the voice of a giant; but to be the echoes of such a small man as Mendelssohn was infinitely worse. And for many years every English composer conceived it his bounden duty to echo Mendelssohn. The critics both amateur and professional said so; and the composers themselves thought so. They either imitated Mendelssohn direct or tried to make a curious amalgam of the styles of Mendelssohn and Handel. They wrote oratorios, and I have examined many of them; and I swear that no more lamentable productions exist—or I might say have ceased to exist. One need not waste a moment on discussing them.

It is a curious fact that although Wagner had been in this country, and although his music was accessible to the enthusiastic, to the men who wished to get out of the old worn rut and do something new, there was no sign of any wish on the part of any of our composers to do anything new until Gounod came to this country, in 1870, I believe. Had not the war broken out between France and Germany, and had not Germany proved itself the better man, it seems extremely improbable that we should have had any Goring Thomas, any Parry, Stanford, Mackenzie, and the rest of a very sorry crowd. However, Gounod came here and produced a good deal of his music; and later on he revived oratorio with one of the worst oratorios ever written, the "Redemption". After that all our men went to work in earnest. The only one who frankly aped Gounod was the late Goring Thomas. I don't know in what year he wrote his "Esmeralda", and it really matters very little. He was simply Gounod plus a certain amount of energy. Excepting for a few songs one hears nothing of his nowadays. He had a talent, a tenth-rate talent, I should say; and he cannot be reckoned as in any sense of the word a great man. By his premature death we may have lost some agreeable music; but we certainly lost nothing great. Yet, imitator though he was, he was less conventional, less dry and pedantic, than the crowd of men who came along with him or followed him. A single exception must be made, Sullivan, with whom I will deal next week. For this crowd of the "Renaissance", of this re-birth of music in England, included the following well-known names: Cowen, Mackenzie, Stanford, Parry. There was another gentleman whom a portion of the press tried for a long time to convince us was a great composer, Mr. Corder. But that gentleman I dismiss at once as a mere writer of students' exercises. Having read his music, having heard—it is true many years ago—an opera of his, I simply decline to discuss him as a serious composer. No doubt he was serious enough in intention; but of the actual achievement the less said the better. There is not space for a proper discussion of these "Renaissance" men this week, so I will clear the ground for my next article, in which I will deal with Stanford and Mackenzie, as well as Sullivan,



by finishing with Parry, "the English Bach". Now Sir Hubert Parry may be an excellent, kindly gentleman; he may give excellent dinners; but I cannot accept him as an English or any other kind of Bach. It may seem a hard saying, but he is the most amateurish composer living. I have studied his accessible scores—one hires them, in manuscript, from Messrs. Novello—with extreme care; and I declare there is no sign of any mastery over a genuine technique. One reads, and the stuff appears muddled; one hears the music, and it sounds muddled. Well do I remember his "King Saul", given at the Albert Hall some years ago, a symphony, in E I think, played by Richter, a Magnificat, sung at the Queen's Hall, and many other things; I listened to them all without prejudice, and I never heard a fine passage, never received a moment's pleasure nor any other sensation save one of intense boredom. The music never starts into life; or, to vary the trope, never crystallises into a definite beautiful form. There are no great themes; and such substitutes for themes as there are, are simply treated in schoolmaster style. There is no intention discoverable save that of covering music paper. The truth is that Parry has nothing to say, and unless an artist has something to say he never, if a bull may be allowed, learns to say it: to acquire a great technique a man must be whipped and stung by the something in his brain that seeks to be expressed. Parry's choice of subjects—"Job", "Saul" and the rest—alone shows him to be of unoriginal ways of thought. The only thing of his I like is the music to the "Frogs" of Aristophanes which Mr. Terry performed at Leatherhead some years ago. It is brisk, sometimes pretty, amusing. But to have written it does not make one an "English Bach".

J. F. R.

#### THE GREATNESS OF BRITISH LIFE OFFICES.

ALMOST every day at this time of year one or some reports are received from insurance companies, and it is impossible for the most hardened and methodical critic to analyse these accounts without being impressed by the greatness of the majority of British life offices. The accounts and the statements almost without exception give proof of the attention that is paid to security, of the care that is exercised in the management, and of the regard that is given to the interests of policy-holders. There is no business in the world which is conducted on the whole on so high a plane as that of British life assurance. If any feature is in the least degree unsatisfactory it is frequently emphasised rather than concealed. If it is in any way necessary to sacrifice the present for the future this course is adopted without hesitation; and, while conducted in the most business-like way, a "professional" tone prevails throughout, which is in marked contrast to the purely "business" way in which life assurance is conducted in America and other countries.

The report of the British Empire Mutual Life Office is a happy illustration of these characteristics. The office is one which has been making very sound progress for some years past; its reserves have been strengthened, its expenditure decreased, and a satisfactory development maintained. The report gives proof of these things but does not emphasise or boast about them. Take for instance the important feature of the rate of interest earned upon the funds; it is stated that the rate earned was £3 15s. 11d. per cent. after deduction of Income Tax. Calculated in the more usual, and perhaps the correct manner, the return is £3 17s. 3d. per cent.; while if Income Tax were not deducted it would appear to be over 4 per cent. per annum. This under-statement of this strong feature, though of little importance in itself, is an indication of candour which is frequently absent from other business statements.

It would have been easy also to dwell upon the fact that the ratio of expenditure to premium income has shown a very large decrease as compared with the normal expenditure of a few years ago. It is not an easy matter to increase an insurance business, and at the same time decrease the rate of expenditure. But this is what the British Empire has done, though the

report says scarcely anything about it. The mortality experienced during the year has been less than was expected and provided for, and from these three sources, interest, economy of management, and favourable mortality a very satisfactory profit has resulted.

A valuation of the liabilities was made as at the end of 1901, and, following the course which has been consistently adopted for many years past, a considerable sum has been devoted to strengthening the reserves. The liabilities have been valued by the new British Offices table, with interest at 3 per cent. These tables have only lately been published by the Institute of Actuaries, and we are as yet little familiar with the effect upon the reserves of employing the new basis. The experience of this valuation should enable Mr. Ryan, the actuary of the office, to publish some interesting remarks on the question.

The company has a considerable business in Canada, a country where the rates of premium charged are less than those adopted in this country. The Canadian policies were formerly valued on a  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. basis, but on the present occasion reserves have been set aside to provide for these policies on the assumption that only 3 per cent. will be earned. We are not aware that this course has been adopted by any other company doing business in Canada, but in view of the falling rate of interest there can be no doubt that it is the most prudent course to adopt, although it involves the absorption of the surplus in the Canadian section, and the declaration of no bonus for the past two years. Considering, however, that the lower rates of premium are really equivalent to a substantial bonus from the outset, the Canadian policy-holders have no cause for dissatisfaction. Considering the tendency to equalisation in the rates of interest throughout the civilised world, the arguments in favour of charging lower rates of premium to Canadian policy-holders, on account of the higher rate of interest formerly prevailing in Canada, have lost much of their force, and not improbably many Canadian policy-holders will avail themselves of the option offered by the directors to pay the English rates of premium and receive the English rates of bonus.

The bonus was maintained at the same rate as at the two previous valuations, being a reversionary addition of 25s. per cent. per annum in the General section, and 27s. 6d. in the Temperance section, which, considering that the rates of premium charged are considerably lower than the average at the most usual ages for effecting assurance, constitutes an excellent result.

"The directors are satisfied that the company was never in a stronger or more prosperous position than now." The accounts which are published from year to year, and the periodical Valuation Returns, more than justify this somewhat modest statement in regard to the present position and the future prospects of the office.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR R. BULLER'S CENSURE OF  
SIR C. WARREN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

2 Pump Court, Temple, 24 April, 1902.

SIR,—The subjoined comparison of certain statements in Sir R. Buller's confidential Note with the telegrams which he sent to the War Office during the course of the fighting before Spion Kop, will, I think, prove of interest at the present time. The telegrams are given as published in the "Times": for the narrative of events I am myself solely responsible. If you should be able to find space for this letter I hope in a subsequent communication to show the bearing of this evidence upon Sir Charles Warren's request for the publication of further documents.

#### GENERAL BULLER'S CONFIDENTIAL NOTE.

"The arrival of the force at Trichard's [17th] was a surprise to the enemy, who were not in strength. Sir C. Warren, instead of feeling for the enemy, elected

"Boer Camp on Spion Kop, 16 January . . . it became known to-day that 300 British crossed the Pont Drift . . . Towards 5 o'clock alarm was given that

to spend two whole days in passing his baggage. During this time the enemy received reinforcements and strengthened his position."

the British forces were advancing . . ." (Reuter in "Times", 22 January, 1900.)

General Warren reached Trichard's (or Trigaard's) by night march from Springfield Camp on the morning of the 17th. He estimated the time of passage at 48 hours; the column was actually passed over in 36 hours. No baggage was taken except food for 4 days, cooking-pots, and great coats. The passage of the artillery took most time.

The two days mentioned by General Buller are the 17th (morning) to the 18th (evening).

On the 17th Lord Dundonald and cavalry were sent out to reconnoitre. The pontoon was built, two brigades were passed over, and the passage of the guns and waggons was commenced under cover of the two brigades which were opposed by the Boers in force. Sir Redvers Buller was present up to the evening.

On the 18th the two brigades advanced but could not cross the Boer fire, as they were strongly intrenched for 5 miles on our right flank. Meanwhile the enemy were reconnoitred, Lord Dundonald was in action and asked for help, and the baggage was brought over by 9.45 P.M.

"By the 23rd I calculated that the enemy, who were about 600 strong on the 16th, were not less than 15,000 and General White confirmed this estimate. We had really lost our chance by Sir C. Warren's slowness."

The fact was that the main force of Boers lay behind the position which General Warren was ordered to attack, and not behind the position in front of General Buller at Potgieter's. The intelligence reports showed a very large force of Boers at Acton Homes, and behind Spion Kop. At Groote Hoek there were 100 waggons drawing supplies from a large base camp at Acton Homes, and this force had been concentrating there ever since January 9th. The reports also showed that all the Boers who filled the trenches in front of Potgieter's were residing in camp under cover of Spion Kop.

"On the 19th he [Warren] attacked and gained a considerable advantage."

On the 19th General Warren sent his guns and waggons to Venter's Spruit. The two brigades occupied hills on right, and General Warren reconnoitred and found a way of attack.

"On the 20th, instead of pursuing it, he divided his force, and gave General Clery a separate command."

On the 20th General Warren ordered a grand attack and captured the Rangeworth Hills.

"Spearman's Camp, 20 January, 9.4 P.M.

"General Clery with part of Warren's force has been in action from 6 A.M. till 7 P.M. to-day."

"By judicious use of his artillery he has fought his way up, capturing ridge after ridge, for about three miles."

"Troops are now bivouacking on ground he has gained, but main position is still in front of them."

"Casualties not heavy. . . ." (General Buller's telegram to War Office published in "Times" 22 January, 1900.)

On the 21st General Warren swung round his left.

"Spearman's Camp, 23 January, 6.20 P.M.

"Warren holds the position he gained two days ago [i.e. on the 21st]. In front of him, at about 1,400 yards, is the enemy's position west of Spion Kop. It is on higher ground than Warren's position, so it is impossible to see into it properly. It can only be approached over bare open slopes. The ridges held by Warren are so steep that guns cannot be placed on them, but we are shelling the enemy's position with howitzers

pendent of him, as he told me he could not move any batteries without General Clery's consent."

and field artillery placed on the lower ground behind the infantry. Enemy reply with Creusot and other artillery. In this duel the advantage rests with us, as we appear to be searching his trenches, and his artillery fire is not causing us much loss."

(Buller to War Office. "Times," 24 January, 1900.)

"Spearman's Camp, 21 January, 9 P.M.

"Warren has been engaged all day, chiefly on his left, which he has swung forward about a couple of miles."

"The ground is very difficult, and as the fighting is all the time uphill it is difficult exactly to say how much we gain, but I think we are making substantial progress."

(Buller to War Office. "Times," 22 January, 1900.)

General Warren worked his force in brigades and divisions according to the army regulations. He did not interfere with the General whom he had ordered to effect some movement, when once that General had launched his force. Hence his reluctance to take away General Clery's guns.

"The days went on. I saw no attempt on the part of General Warren either to grapple with the situation or to command his force himself. . . ."

On the 22nd General Warren pounded the Boer positions with his artillery. General Buller said that an attack must be made on the left i.e. the enemy's right. A council was assembled, but this council decided that it would entail great loss of life and produce no good results. Gen. Warren then suggested that Spion Kop (on the right) should be attacked. On the 23rd and 24th Spion Kop was occupied and abandoned.

"I can never employ him again on an independent command."

General Warren was so employed by General Buller on two subsequent occasions.

"On the 19th I ought to have assumed command myself; I saw that things were not going well — indeed, everyone saw that."

Above General Buller had written, "On the 19th he attacked and gained a considerable advantage". Also, as General Buller was not present, it is difficult to understand how he could have seen that "things were not going well".

It remains to add that General Warren's plan was not to send the cavalry through by Acton Homes, because they would have been surrounded by the Boers directly they had entered the plain; not to send the infantry merely to break through by the Fair View road, because the same thing would have happened in their case; but to pound away at the enemy with artillery and drive them out of the hills before advancing. As the Free Staters were already preparing to retire across the Drakenberg, it seems possible, to say the least, that if General Buller had not interposed and ordered a retirement, General Warren would have effected his purpose. At any rate it is plain that the view of the general situation which General Buller held on 30 January (the date of his despatch and covering Note), differed materially from that expressed by him during the action. In his despatch he wrote: "I went on to Sir Charles Warren on 23rd . . . I said it was too dangerous a situation to be prolonged, and that he must either attack or I should withdraw his force": whereas on the 23rd at 6.20 P.M., he had telegraphed from Spearman's Camp: "In this duel the advantage rests with us, as we appear to be searching his [the enemy's] trenches, and his artillery fire is not causing us much loss."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. BASIL WORSFOLD.

#### THE ANTI-BRITISH DUTCH CONSPIRACY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Grahamstown, Cape Colony, 17 February, 1902.

SIR,—As a Cape Colonist born, and having lived amongst the Cape Dutch during the whole of my life,

"On the 21st I find that his right was in advance of his left and that the whole of his batteries, six, were crowded on one small position on his right, while his left was unprotected by artillery, and I had come out to tell him that the enemy on that flank had received a reinforcement of at least 2,500. I suggested a better distribution of his batteries, which he agreed to to some extent, but he would not advance his left, and I found that he had divided his fighting line into three independent commands—independent of each other and apparently inde-



I was, I must confess, somewhat taken aback when reading the letter from a Cape Town correspondent in a recent issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, wherein the writer—who professes to be an Englishman of twelve years' residence in South Africa—goes on to declare, *inter alia*, that "there has been no proof adduced of a Dutch anti-British conspiracy in South Africa". It is really astonishing how little some Englishmen with a pro-Boer bent of mind do learn in twelve years.

It may be that your correspondent is a little shy of the word "conspiracy": the term however is quite correct and justifiable since the bulk of the Dutch populations of the British Colonies of South Africa have for many years conspired with the two Dutch Republics against British influence in South Africa. Whether it be called "anti-British conspiracy" or "anti-British policy" the fact remains that the Dutch Afrikaner policy aimed at "kicking England out of South Africa for ever" upon the first opportunity. If England was prepared to withdraw altogether from South Africa and hand it over to the Dutch, of course there would have been no war. If on the other hand England wished to retain her Colonies in South Africa, no earthly power could have prevented war sooner or later, and the sooner it came the better for England's chance of holding her own. It is idle for any man at this date to pretend that the Dutch of South Africa have never seriously intended to drive England from South Africa. The idea was no secret. It has been openly preached from the platform, the pulpit, the school, and the press, and has been the openly expressed hope and dream of the Dutch people throughout South Africa for a score of years or more. It is also idle for any man at this date to assert that the Dutch people of South Africa have fought or are still fighting for a "threatened independence", or for liberty and equal rights. They don't want to be on an equality with Englishmen in South Africa: nothing of the kind: they want to be "top dog" here. It is for supremacy in South Africa that they began the war, and it is for this they still are contending. The present struggle in South Africa will go down to history not as the struggle for independence of a handful of Dutch patriots in the little Transvaal Republic, but as a struggle for supremacy in South Africa between Boer and Briton. The Boer misgovernment of the Uitlander population of the Transvaal was made the *casus belli*, but the real issue at stake was the broad one of supremacy in South Africa. Paul Kruger and Europe know this. The annexing of British territory by the Boers proved this to the world. A people "struggling for independence" cannot afford to carry out plans of conquest.

Passing over the mass of convincing evidence—documentary and other—of a Boer conspiracy to drive England out of South Africa, which has come to light during the last two years or more, I shall merely refer to a few of the recent corroborations of the existence of this conspiracy for conquest.

"In a recent pamphlet issued by the Pan-German League printed in New York and written by the Rev. Diedrich von Slooten, lately a clergyman in the South African Republic, the writer asks that the voice of Christian America should be raised to put an end to the South African war. Mr. Slooten repeatedly states that the Boer aim from the beginning of the trouble has been to drive England out of South Africa, and in answer to the argument that the Boers should not have started the war he says that Mr. Kruger was divinely commanded to do so".

The following extract from "Ons Land" affords ample evidence in itself of the openly expressed intention and hope of the Cape Colonial Dutch for the ousting of England from South Africa, and it also affords ample proof of the existence of an anti-British conspiracy. A year before the war that paper said:—"When one considers the state of affairs in the Cape Colony, it must be confessed the future does not appear too rosy. The majority of the Afrikaner nation in the Cape Colony still go bent under the English yoke. The free section (consisting) of the two Republics is very small compared to that portion subject to the stranger, and, whatever may be our private opinion one thing at least is certain, namely, that without the assistance of the

Cape Colonial Afrikanders, the Afrikaner cause is lost. The two Republics by themselves, surrounded as they are by the stranger, are unable to continue the fight. One day the question of who is to be master will have to be referred to the arbitration of the sword, and then the verdict will depend upon the Cape Colonial Afrikanders. If they give evidence on one side we shall win. It does not help a brass farthing to mince matters. This is the real question at issue; and in this light every Afrikaner must see it. And what assistance can we expect from Afrikanders in the Cape Colony? . . . The vast majority of them are still faithful, and will even gird on the sword when God's time comes". That is strange language to address to loyalists, but we never remember that it was repudiated by any of the readers of "Ons Land".

The Bond watchword, "Africa for the Afrikanders" meant literally and actually, "Africa for the Dutch", hence the otherwise unintelligible phrases, "the Afrikaner nation under the English yoke", "the Afrikaner cause", &c. Says a recent Cape contemporary: "There is disappointment of course. The men who commenced the war are disappointed for they have lost. . . . The irreconcilables are so bitter, not because there was no conspiracy, but because there was a conspiracy and because it has failed".

Yours faithfully,

"CAPE COLONIST".

#### ENGLAND SPAIN AND AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Tangier.

SIR,—The shipping "combine" may make Englishmen begin to think at last. What are we going to get out of all this Anglo-American gush? We insulted Spain in order to please America. The United States, as far as I can see, has nothing by means of which she can do good to England whereas Spain has much. The United States cannot stop access to the Mediterranean and make Gibraltar useless, and this most certainly Spain if allied to France can do. Spain holds all ports of refuge between Cape Trafalgar and Port Mahon. Into what others could a damaged English fleet steam and refit?

Thus I contend Spain, not the United States, is pointed out by nature as an ally, and whilst we English, as I take it, wish to remain the friends of all the world, it is hard to do so when insults fall thick and fast from politicians and from press amongst our "own kith and kin beyond the sea", which is the way, I think, our press describes Americans.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

#### GOLDSMITH AND CLASSIC VERSE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Tunbridge Wells, 14 April, 1902.

SIR,—The question raised by you as to what sapphics and hexameters Goldsmith had in mind when he wrote his essay on "Versification" is one which I should like to see answered; but the answer seems to depend on the date to be assigned to Goldsmith's essay. In "Elements of Speech" (1773), by John Herries, two sapphic stanzas figure; before that, I do not remember any till we get back to Dr. Watts (1709). The case is very similar as regards hexameters. In 1733 was published "An Introduction of the Ancient Greek and Latin Measures into British Poetry", containing three hexameter pieces; while no others seem to have appeared till 1773, which saw issued "Vocal Sounds", by "Edward Search" [scilicet Abraham Tucker], where some excellent remarks on quantity are followed by specimens of hexameter verse. If Goldsmith's essay can be placed as late as 1773, it is probably to Herries and Tucker that his remark refers, unless, of course, he speaks of unpublished verses which have not come down to us.

Referring to another point raised by you in the same article, may I say that Mitford was by no means the first to detect the "double consonant fallacy"? Campion, in his "Observations on the Art of English Poesie" (1602) claimed to make such words "common,

but more naturally short, because in their pronunciation we touch but one of those double letters" (Chap. X.); and other writers might be quoted. To the praise bestowed on Mitford's book, however, I heartily subscribe. Its good qualities seem to me even more conspicuous in its first form, the anonymous "Essay" of 1774, than in its more pretentious later dress as the "Enquiry" of 1804. A somewhat scathing review of the latter appeared in the "Edinburgh Review" for July 1805 (Vol. VI., p. 357). This is said to have been written by a "Mr. George Herbert", but I imagine the latter name may be a slip for *William*. Can you, or any of your readers, help me to determine with certainty who this Mr. Herbert was?—I am, &c.

T. S. OMOND.

#### GIRLS' BOOKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Crewe, 21 April, 1902.

SIR,—The writer of your admirable article upon Girls' Books seems entirely to preclude the girl as a theme for girls' books. For he writes "Truly a hard case is that of the writer of stories for girls. What is she to do? Her employer's assumption seems to be that the average girl is a fool". And he makes out a very good case for that assumption. For he goes on "she [the writer] is shut up to the conclusion that if she is to write for girls she can only write about girls" and "The plain truth is that the unfortunate writer of such books can't make a good child's story out of the materials to which they are condemned. No one could . . . [they] are so limited that the writer of necessity falls back on the love theme". Poor girls! they seem indeed to be fools, they are so empty of interest that no one can write of them "presenting merely girls for girls' observation" without producing a "morbid self-conceit" in the reader.

If your writer had condemned unreservedly the authors of "Helena Thorpe" and the rest as ridiculously incapable of interpreting the girl's character, we could all have applauded him, but he tacitly concedes that they have done their best, and, using all the materials at their command, have found them wanting in all healthful qualities. Surely if girls can take delight in boys' books, they themselves must contain those qualities which go to make the books wholesome, otherwise they would have no sympathy with them.

This is of course, simply a restatement of the Duchess of Sutherland's summing up of the whole question "books for boys appeal to girls because they appeal to boys, and for no other reason". But why should not the study of girlhood be girl, and books for girls appeal to boys because they appeal to girls, and for no other reason? Rather than answer these questions by saying that girlhood contains no materials for healthy stories, should we not say that, as yet, no writer worthy the name has used the girl as a central theme for a children's book and that not the interpretation of girlhood to girls but the incompetent interpreters are responsible for the sticky sentiment of "Girls' Books".

Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD R. JOHNSON.

#### THE CUCKOO'S MATE IN LONDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Fitzroy Street, W., Wednesday.

SIR,—Just before lunch a wryneck settled upon the coping of a little balcony outside my bedroom window. The bird seemed perfectly well, but a little tired, and remained seated quietly for quite eight minutes, I should say, while I watched it. It was not more than three feet away from where I stood. Presently—on my opening the door that leads into the balcony—but not immediately even then, it flew off on to a roof in London Street. I suppose the creature was on its way from abroad. Is it unusual to see this bird in a town?

Yours truly,

SELWYN IMAGE.

[Many of our familiar birds of summer passage pass through London and its suburbs in April. We thank Mr. Image for giving us this charming experience.—ED. S.R.]

#### REVIEWS.

##### A BOOKSELLER'S BOOK.

"The Old Court Suburb." By J. H. Leigh Hunt. Edited by Austin Dobson. Illustrated by Herbert Railton, Claude Shepperson and E. J. Sullivan. Two vols. London: Freemantle. 1902. 42s. net.

LEIGH HUNT'S admirers must welcome a reissue of the "Old Court Suburb" and they will doubtless be pleased to see that his reintroducer is Mr. Austin Dobson, an author as incapable as was Leigh Hunt himself of signing his name to anything absolutely dull and slovenly. And with that our grudging gratitude comes to an end. For in truth from a book like this, heavy, bulky, and not inexpensive, the world of readers might have been entitled to expect more. We ought not to have been fobbed off with such casual terminal notes as the editor could without effort project upon us from a mind literary and well stored. And there ought also to have been an index—to make which might have been to any intelligent inhabitant of Kensington in very truth a holiday task. And to sum up and, to clench and emphasise our arraignment of the way in which this editorial work has been done we point to the illustrations.

We do not point to them with the finger of scorn. All of us know with how admirable and clever a facility many of our draughtsmen of to-day can turn us out men and women dressed in obsolete raiment flirting at gateways of scrolled ironwork or dancing minuets upon Orchardsonian floors. All we say is that they are entirely out of place and beside the mark as far as they are concerned with a history of Kensington written in the early nineteenth century. Instead of these genre pictures in black and white and in miniature—for that is what they really come to—we ought to have had reproductions of the old engravings and the old maps. We are incidentally told here that S. Mary Abbott's Church which most of us often pass was built by Scott—why are we not given a reproduction of some contemporary engraving of the church as Leigh Hunt saw it in his youth? Even if some such thing has lurked undetected in the book, it will not affect our general argument.

It may be said that we are complaining of the publishers for withholding what they never intended to give us—they know, it may be said, that the public have a taste for this modernised type of the Books of Beauty—this sort of glorified gift book, and perhaps this is so.

In reviewing Leigh Hunt we ought not to lean to acerbity and we have only tried to express a view in which we are sure he would himself have agreed—that what we want in editions of old authors is not necessarily that we should pedantically reproduce their very type—though that also may be by no means uninteresting—but that we should give readers the nowadays easily-secured boon of seeing by the means of reproduced engravings the common scenes and sites of London as they were seen by our grandfathers. In these days when Paternoster Row is as obsolete as Grub Street we should think it possible that publishers and booksellers have some influence upon the taste in books and the fashion in reading. For the multiplication of snippet literature not they at all events are responsible, and it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge how much some of them have done in the past to popularise good literature. But we think that they might do yet more. Considering that Kensington is now a small London in itself, surely some publisher might to his own profit present it with a book on the lines of that excellent handbook now sold in Kensington Palace for a shilling—some edition or some original whichever he pleases more conscientious and less Christmassy.

Leigh Hunt has left it on record that he used to walk on purpose through Gerrard Street Leicester Square in order to give himself a pleasant remembrance of Dryden and we feel about Leigh Hunt much in the same way. As Charles Lamb said of Walton, it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to think of him. He does not seem to have been a great connoisseur of architecture and saw no merit in Wren's orangerie at Kensington Palace. With an irrelevance which Leigh Hunt would have pardoned we should like more inform-



ation about the two species of owls—no doubt the barn owl and the brown—which Mr. W. H. Hudson in his "Birds in London" believes to inhabit in the near neighbourhood of Kensington Palace and says that their respective voices have been heard by the night watchmen. If this is so, surely some belated bird lover in the district of Holland Park ought to be able to corroborate. We may add in this connexion that we heard the stockdove last summer in a chestnut tree close to the orangery and this bird may no doubt be expected any day to join our London woodpigeons.

#### REVOLUTIONARY BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

"Encyclopædia Biblica." Vol. III. L to P. Edited by T. K. Cheyne and J. Sutherland Black. London: Black. 1902. 21s. net.

THE third volume of the Encyclopædia does not induce us to alter the opinion which has been expressed already in the SATURDAY REVIEW as to the general character and importance of this great work. It is not an exaggeration to say that no Bible dictionary in England or elsewhere is more fearlessly scientific, or more completely abreast of the most advanced knowledge of the day. The editorial part of the work is unusually good; we have nothing but admiration for the exactness and uniformity with which the standard has been kept up through a vast variety of subjects dealt with by many hands, both English and Continental. Once more Professor Cheyne has astonished us by his learning and inexhaustible resource. In this, as in the two previous volumes, his is the dominating influence; he writes a great number of the articles, and he always has something fresh to say in his own attractive style. Perhaps the most momentous thing that has happened, so far as the Encyclopædia is concerned, is Professor Cheyne's conversion to Winckler's theory that in most cases the Mizraim or Egypt of the Old Testament is either a Muṣri in North Syria or, more usually, a Muṣri in North Arabia. The full particulars of Winckler's discovery are not given in the article "Mizraim"; but the theory, with all its consequences, is resolutely applied to the Old Testament records. We find that the sojourn of Israel in Egypt and the Exodus, as commonly understood, must be given up; Moses becomes the name of a North Arabian tribe; numberless verses of the Old Testament have to be rewritten. "A keener criticism", "A more searching examination", to use Professor Cheyne's expressions, perpetually demands the most startling emendations of the text. All through this volume the Jerahmeelites, who are the Edomites or North Arabians, keep turning up in the most unexpected quarters. We have made a rough list, by no means exhaustive, of the names which Professor Cheyne tells us have been corrupted from their original form by popular distortion or scribal error, and must now be read "Jerahmeelites"; we have counted at least 32, and in the list occur such names as Rachel, Aaron, Miriam, Jericho, Elijah, Ephraim, &c.! We rub our eyes in amazement. We cannot help thinking, with all respect, that a criticism which involves such a revolution, however praiseworthy the effort to reach a point which has not been won already, has in fact over-reached itself.

In a work which throughout reaches such a high standard of scholarship it is difficult to single out articles for special mention; but for sound judgment and fulness we should like to draw attention to the articles by Professor Nöldeke and Professor Gray of Oxford on "Names" and "Law Literature"; "Leviticus", "Numbers", "Maṣṣebah", by President Moore of Andover; "Phœnicia" by Professor Meyer of Halle; to the contributions by the late Professor Robertson Smith on the minor prophets. "Presbyter" and "Prophet" (N.T.) by Canon Armitage Robinson are in safe hands. As in the previous volumes, several important New Testament articles are entrusted to Professor Schmiedel. With regard to this scholar's work we have expressed our opinion in a previous review; with all its learning, it is characterised by dogmatic prepossessions which, we hope and believe, will carry little conviction in this country, where our own scholars have accustomed us to fairer and saner judgments. Professor van Manen

has written on S. Paul in a relentlessly negative fashion. He allows, indeed, that there *was* an apostle of that name, but his writings are "pseudepigrapha, containing seemingly historical data"; not one of the epistles is really his; the accounts of his life as given in the Acts are quite untrustworthy; and, strangest of all, the home of Paulinism, meaning thereby S. Paul's characteristic teaching, "was among the heretics". Again, it seems to us that criticism has over-reached itself and landed in mere extravagance.

Therefore while we gratefully acknowledge the distinguished merits of the new volume of the Encyclopædia, we cannot accept it, in its entirety, as a presentation of the surest and soundest criticism. The book is, of course, strong meat, not meant for babes; and scholars will know how to use it with discrimination.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL PATCHWORK.

"Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick: her Family and Friends." By Charlotte Fell Smith. London: Longmans. 1901. 18s. net.

THE archives of almost any prominent family of the seventeenth century may be trusted to throw fresh light upon history and sociology, or at least to reveal some interesting characters in their intimate privacy. The author of this book has evidently had access to documents of more than ordinary fertility, but, lacking the essential art of selection, contributes even less to our profit or entertainment than if she had been content to publish her materials without commentary. The result is a wilderness, where, if we desire to find flowers, we must institute a diligent search for ourselves. Miss Smith suffers from a zeal to modernise the old orthography even where its quaintness is the predominant charm; her descriptions are soporific; her dissertations are adscititious; in fine, we can only compare her escort to that of a cicerone in a cathedral. We must roam far before we catch clear sight of the titular heroine, the first hundred pages being devoted to her father, Richard Boyle, first Earl of Cork, save for some short digressions concerning her obstinacy in courtship; the remainder of the first half of the book is chiefly concerned with the origin and enumeration of her husband's family; and even when at last we settle down to read her diary, we are incessantly interrupted by extraneous narratives that vary but do not relieve the monotony. By the end of our exploration, we are free to confess that a life of Mary Rich might be written so as to present a striking, howbeit unsympathetic character, but we cannot recommend Miss Smith as an illuminating interpreter. Indeed, her rôle seems to be restricted to that of an echoing chorus, that magnifies sanctimonious unction by unconvincing admiration, that mistakes obstinacy for strength, and that loves to insist upon asperity as the synonym of godliness. She possesses no literary gift, nor even that of common sense, and her selection of commonplace quotations for her chapter-headings is nothing less than exasperating: Chapter VIII., entitled "The Family of Rich" has the following quotation from "Twelfth Night",—"What is your parentage?"; Chapter IX., which deals with "Literary Labours" is headed, "So to fill up bookes both backe and side"; and Chapter III., which first introduces Mary, condescends to the weak jest, "Rich she shall be, that's certain" ("Much Ado About Nothing"). Even in those birthday-books, which are compiled from the works of minor authors, we have rarely found a more futile or pitiable selection.

Mary's father, Richard Boyle, was an exceedingly astute adventurer, who, having emigrated to Ireland in 1588 with a total capital of £27 3s., soon acquired vast properties and a paramount influence in Munster, was created first Earl of Cork, and held his own against English rulers and Irish rebels with equal dexterity. It was not to be expected that a man, whose will was the equal of Strafford's, should be overruled by his daughter in an age when the fifth commandment was still held in respect. But neither threats, nor appeals, nor a cessation of her allowance could prevail upon her to accept the very eligible suitor he proposed to her; she persisted in marrying Charles Rich, a younger son, who had

apparently very small prospects, but who presently inherited the earldom of Warwick. Later in life, when her husband was gouty and querulous, it often occurred to her to bemoan the unfilial conduct of her youth. Again and again we find lamentations on this subject in the diary, which is represented as the chief evidence of her alleged sanctity. Miss Smith regards this diary as an exceptionally interesting human document, but she sums it up as "the tedious repetition of stereotyped phrases, of the daily record of prayers, sermons, penitence, intercession and self-abasement written down week after week, year after year, in precisely the same words, and with the identical phrases". Indeed, so stereotyped were many of the phrases that the diarist soon grew tired of writing them out in full and devised a species of shorthand, which, being applied almost exclusively to holy things, seems anything but reverent. "Not many of the great diarists", says Miss Smith, "have escaped the sin of posing". Mary's diary is one long pose, evidently intended to confirm her belief in her own sanctity, and successful in that intention, if we may judge by the pleasure she found in reading the back pages over to herself by the hour. We may take it as a portrait of Mary as she would like to be regarded. Here, for instance, is a characteristic touch of self-righteousness: "At dinner this day, dined with us my brother Hatton Rich, who did dreadfully swear and talked so ill that I thought nothing out of Hell could have done. I did all I could to keep him from it, did show my dislike at it and was enabled to own religion. . . . Left the wicked company, my soul being much grieved to hear my poor husband." And a few months later, "I got into a private room, and begged God to forgive my poor husband his swearing and to give him patience, that the house might be perfumed with prayers and not made terrible by those oaths".

The whole of the diary may interest alienists, but for profitable entertainment a reader of Miss Smith's book will rely rather upon obiter scripta. Thus we find an anecdote of King Charles I. at chess with the Marquis of Winchester, when, "the King long studying how to play a bishop, the Marquis of Winchester blurted out, 'See, sir, how troublesome these bishops are in jest and earnestly!' The King replied nothing, but looked very grum". Then comes a description of old London Bridge in 1641, when one of the Queen's maids of honour was drowned passing through. There is a curious account of a wedding at Court and of the embarrassing customs which followed it. A touch of quaintness is also afforded by the patents of nobility awarded to boys of eight and a half and six and a half years "for the services they have rendered" the King. But such reliefs are few and far between: all the book contains cannot atone for one tedious chapter, which catalogues the Puritan ministers in Essex after the Restoration; it contains little that is new and nothing that is interesting.

#### NOVELS.

"Rosanne." By Netta Syrett. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1902. 6s.

Miss Syrett has written an interesting story, but we should rather like to know where she and Mr. Gissing meet the people they describe. None of the persons in this book is individually impossible; the characters presented are sharply distinct, and yet the combination of these persons seems a trifle unreal. Rosanne is a girl who by all the laws of heredity in fiction should go to the dogs, amongst whom the villain of the story gloatingly awaits her. She is the child of a drunken artist and a vicious dancer, she is very beautiful, selfish, and unruly. She has artistic ambitions, but is able to see that she can never do first-rate work. Art fails her, and a commonplace life repels her. She loves and is loved by the husband of her best friend. She is desired by an immoral poet who half fascinates her. There were three courses open to her, as Mr. Gladstone would no doubt have reminded her. She could have had the roses and rapture either with treachery or with complete degradation, or she could devote her botanic research to lilies, which never interested her. It is a strong situation well worked out, but the book stops abruptly when her choice is made, and one feels that

Rosanne has a good many more years to live, and that for her life will never be simple. The women are better realised than the men, and the very difficult study of the middle-aged wife is admirably accomplished. "Rosanne" is immature work, but shows great promise.

"The Girl from St. Agneta's: a Fantasia on a Fugue."

By J. H. Yoxall, M.P. London: Ralph Holland and Co. 1902. 6s.

This story is of the love affair of a young school-mistress from St. Agneta's Training College, showing how after a while she reconciled herself to marrying the principal. A "novelettish" baronet, a farcical-comedy rector's wife, a "revolting" daughter and a wooden Socialist are among the other characters of the story. It is as though Mr. Yoxall had tried to compose a serious novel and had a too facile pen which insisted on writing flippantly, or as if he had wanted to write a bright tale of love and love's distress but found himself overweighed with the educational man's burden. But then is it not a "fantasia on a fugue"? As a novel it is a failure.

"A Vision of Beauty." By Joseph Hatton. London: Hutchinson. 1902. 6s.

Mr. Hatton is a skilful craftsman, and his novels rarely lack a certain dramatic effect. He is not afraid of painting up his Bohemian circles with a fine melodramatic touch, and even when unconvincing they are not uninteresting. The present vision of beauty herself, Julia Montezuma, does not languish ineffectively, while her creator always knows how to throw these exotic personages against quiet and typical English scenes in picturesque contrast. At times there occur digressions on current topics dangerous to the story, because being better than the story they put it considerably out of countenance. It is also a tiresome whim to represent the hero as engaged in writing his own adventures, the theme which the author himself has not yet finished. Let them by all means settle it between them whose story it is, but it cannot reasonably be claimed by both of them.

"The Investigators." By J. S. Fletcher. London: Long. 1902. 6s.

Detective stories in which the detection is done by amateurs are obviously an improvement on those of the old professional type. Private sentiments, whether of tender affection, neighbourly suspicion, or ordinary feminine inquisitiveness, make much more dramatic motives for action than the mere "casu nexus" which animates the ordinary sleuth-hound. The present plot is developed with a light and capable touch, while the characters of both the investigators are distinctly amusing on their own merits. The objects of their benevolence are less interesting, but the villain is of the modern medical type, a hocusser on advanced scientific lines. It all makes better reading than most stories of the kind.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"William Black, Novelist." A Biography. By Wemyss Reid. London: Cassell. 1902. 10s. 6d. net.

If journalist—journalise, why not biographer—biographese? Here, for those who want it is a feast of little anecdotes, cheery letters on trivial matters, gems of impromptu such as this:—

"Austin, Austin, Austin  
Dobbie, Dobbie, Dobbie,  
Although making verses  
Seems to be your hobby,  
Stevenson could take you  
And Gosse and Andrew Lang  
And knock your heads together—  
Bang—bang—bang!"

There are three hundred and ninety-six pages of pleasure for what Sir Wemyss would call "the reading public of England".

"In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere." By Canon Ellacombe. London: Lane. 1902. 5s. net.

Canon Ellacombe has gathered together various articles contributed to the "Guardian", the "Pilot" and other weekly papers and published them in book form. They are agreeable papers and contain a good deal of lore in regard to flower and tree. Canon Ellacombe defends the scientific nomenclature of plants, which he considers much more sensible than the nomenclature of butterflies and moths. Why should the cabbage



white butterfly be called a muse, the clouded sulphur a nymph in the train of Diana? Well, at any rate these names are not hard to pronounce and worse to remember. Canon Ellacombe urges that the scientific names of plants contain some information about the habitat or the properties or the folklore of that plant. But if there were not some excuse of the sort for them, would they be tolerated at all? It is quite true that if you look into *endlicherianum* closely, you will find *γέρανος* the crane there, but the inclination is not to look at all. We suppose Canon Ellacombe is right in what he says about the currant of England being simply a descendant of a native plant. But good authorities have regarded it as an introduction of the Romans.

"5,000 Facts and Fancies." By W. H. P. Phyfe. New York and London. Putnams. 1901. 21s.

This book, we are not surprised to see, is by the author of "7,000 Words often Misquoted." It deals with history, religion, science, architecture, painting, sculpture, literature, nicknames, slang, pseudonyms and a great number of other subjects. We sincerely commend it to all people who like Lord Avebury's "Pleasures of Life"; who found their style on Roget's "Thesaurus"; who hug "Who's Who?" or "What's What?" to their bosoms. For ourselves, it is a book we would sooner eat than read.

"Divisions of a Country Gentleman." By Sir George Douglas, Bart. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1902. 6s. net.

This is a collection of open-air articles which have already appeared in "The Field" and elsewhere. Sir George Douglas would have improved the form if he had dropped such phrases as "the writer" and "the present writer" and substituted "I" for them. Among the articles are "The Bass Rock Revisited", "A Shepherd's Fox-hunt", "Hawk-flying on the Great Plain", and "Of Rooks and Rook-shooting". He says quite truly that rook-shooting with a rifle is not to be despised as a minor sport. A rook perched upon the topmost twig of a high elm and swinging in the wind is no easy mark. We commend to the notice of those who will be rook-shooting in a very short time Sir George Douglas' advice that "a single scatter-gun ought always to be carried by rooking parties" to put an end to the pain of wounded birds.

"Tommy Cornstalk." By J. H. M. Abbott. London: Longmans. 1902. 5s.

Mr. Abbott describes his book as "some account of the less notable features of the South African war from the point of view of the Australian ranks". As a matter of fact it gives an ideal view of the characteristics of warfare under the irregular conditions which have obtained in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. Mr. Abbott instead of taking big pitched battles or any engagement or incident in particular has amalgamated the parts of several in order to form what we should call an artistic whole. Hence we get chapters devoted to the veldt, the kopje, the march, the battle, the hospital, the man, and the army. Mr. Abbott has felt what he calls "the devilish fascination" of war. He writes with enthusiasm and considerable power of description, and some of his pages are worth reading for their obviously true and frank account of things he saw and heard. He makes no claim to be literary; but he writes on the whole so passably well that an occasional lapse of which the following is the worst, is the more noticeable. "One of the men thereupon walked down the hill and led the horses round to the back, neither they nor him receiving a scratch though under a fairly hot, if long range, fire." The printer's reader might have saved the inexpert chronicler from so elementary a slip.

The "County Gentleman" under its new management is devoting itself to an attempt to attract people into the country. The free register of land for sale is an interesting experiment; and though they are not likely to have much immediate effect on the exodus into the towns, the suggestions for multiplying rifle clubs are ingenious. A good deal of space is devoted to the commercial value of motor-cars. If the present impracticable regulations as to their speed were revised their extended use might very greatly enhance the value of outlying farms.

### THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

The new quarterlies are strong in literary interest. In the "Edinburgh" there are articles on M. Anatole France—"the inveterate disturber of the dogmatic slumber to which the natural man takes so kindly"—and on John Richard Green; in the "Quarterly" appear no less than eight essays of a literary character: the Sacred Books of the East and the discovery of Pali literature, the novels of Giovanni Verga, the Italian realist, the Gaelic Revival in literature, mediæval libraries, the limitations of Mr. Stephen Phillips as poet and dramatist, the limitations of Mr. Benjamin Kidd as the philosopher of Western civilisation, and two Oxford historians: Green and Gardiner. If Dr. Gardiner's work does not form the

peg for an article in the "Edinburgh", as we might have expected it would, it is the subject of a brief but very able essay by Professor Powell in the "English Historical Review", which Green originally suggested and Gardiner edited for ten years. The "Quarterly" regrets that during the years when Gardiner was spending much of his time in elementary teaching neither Oxford nor Cambridge offered him the opportunity of instructing more advanced students. "A French or German historian of equal merit would have been provided with a place in one of the national universities, even if it had been necessary to create a special post for the purpose." Gardiner is generally regarded as a specialist, but if by the term it is meant to suggest that his study of history was confined to a period, the "Quarterly" shows how wide of the mark is the characterisation. Gardiner was induced to take up the Puritan Revolution, as he himself said, by "the repulsion inspired by the exaggerations of popular historians". As a matter of fact he devoted immense attention to the interactive influences of England and Europe, and the "Quarterly" contends that he was not only better informed about European affairs than Macaulay or Froude, but more free from national prejudices. Between the style and method of Green and Gardiner there was nothing in common; the aim of the one was to present the truth concerning a period in sober and impartial garb; the aim of the other to present in picturesque and interesting form a great conception of the organic life of the nation as a whole. Green was sorely handicapped not only by want of funds as was Gardiner, but by ill-health and the exacting duties of an East End clergyman and hardworking journalist. Messrs. Macmillan's acceptance of his offer of a "Short History of the English People" gave him his chance to go ahead with his brief life's work. His confidence in his method of presenting history was promptly justified and it is interesting to learn from the "Quarterly" that upwards of 235,000 copies of the "Short History" have been sold in Great Britain alone. How much there was to criticise in the work the "Edinburgh" shows, largely by reference to the reception given to it by the "Quarterly" itself, but its popularity was not difficult to understand. A rather unintelligible point in the "Edinburgh's" excellent article is the suggestion that it was a pity Green did not go either to Balliol or Cambridge instead of to Jesus. His university career "made him feel his plebeian origin and set up in him an antagonism to his surroundings". At Balliol or Cambridge "he would have had a fair start and would not have been teased with self-consciousness, the bane of sensitive natures. He loved Oxford as a town not as a university".

On the political side the "Edinburgh" and the "Quarterly" both deal with the plight of the Opposition at home, and the outlook in Asia Minor abroad. The "Quarterly" has fears of "a premature consolidation of the Liberal party"—whatever that may be—"on an unsound basis", a danger which can only be guarded against by an all-round improvement legislative and administrative on the Unionist side. On this question the "Edinburgh" scores a point neatly. "The Liberal Imperialists, in endeavouring to concentrate the whole strength of the Opposition on the alleged inefficiency of the Government in carrying on the war, are making the same mistake which the Government and the public made almost universally at its commencement. They still, after the event, grossly underestimate the difficulty of the task presented by the conquest of the Dutch States; and they speak as if this detail or that detail, differently managed, would have made the whole difference!" Concerning future policy in Asiatic Turkey and Persia the quarterlies are not quite agreed. The "Edinburgh" shares Sir Edward Grey's opinion that of three possible policies compromise with Russia founded on mutual interest in Asia is most preferable. But is it also practicable? asks the reviewer. "No statesman worthy of the name would think of re-shaping our entire Imperial policy merely for the sake of establishing a platonic affection which might or might not be permanent and we know of no disputes between the two Powers in any quarter which are susceptible of settlement on general principles." The "Edinburgh" is regrettably but frankly anti-Russian, and eager to show Persia that her salvation lies in keeping faith with Great Britain as a guarantee against foreign aggression. The "Quarterly", in an article full of information which should be read together with that in the "Edinburgh", says England's interest mainly would be affected by the advance of Russia and we should probably meet the advance by trying to annoy Russia elsewhere, "not by aiding the Turks to protect their frontier". Would English public opinion approve a war undertaken in such a cause? When Russia chooses to advance, no European combination, in the opinion of the "Quarterly", unless the present grouping of states is materially altered, will be formed to repel her. Other papers which may usefully be studied are "War as a Teacher of War" and "The English Forests and Forestal Laws of the Thirteenth Century" in the "Edinburgh", and "Zionism and Anti-Semitism", and "England Viewed through French Spectacles" in the "Quarterly". Both reviews are full of excellent reading.

An article in the "English Historical" by Dr. Garnett on the authorship of Lord Durham's report on Canada will appeal

to the curious in such matters. When Dr. Garnett says that whereas in Lord Durham's own time no one believed him to be the author, the report has "never been mentioned of late with the slightest accompaniment of a hint that anyone but Lord Durham could have had the least concern in its composition or suggestions," he states what is not the case, as a reference to the SATURDAY REVIEW of 18 January will show. It was suggested at the time his report was published, that Wakefield thought it, Buller wrote it and Durham signed it. Dr. Garnett has no doubt that some passages were either written or prepared by Buller or Wakefield, but an exhaustive examination leads him to the conclusion that Lord Durham himself wrote pages 1-94, 190-212, 235-246 of the report as it appears in Messrs. Methuen's recent reprint.

The "Church Quarterly" would be as good as usual but for the article on the "New Education Bill" which shows less grip of the subject than is usual with that review, and bears certain marks of somewhat hurried writing. This, of course, in the circumstances is not unnatural. We do not believe that on further thought the "Church Quarterly" will commend the leaving of the Cowper-Temple clause and all its train of bad results untouched. Generally the article is strongly in favour of the Bill. "Episcopacy and Reunion" is the most important contribution to this number. The "Church Quarterly" is against Canon Henson. We shall refer to this article later. The essays on "English Coronations" are continued; but we do not see another instalment of the "History of the Doctrine of the Eucharist". We trust that important series will be resumed.

In "The Law Quarterly" the most important article is a composite one on the subject of Martial Law arising out of the case of Marais. Mr. W. S. Holdsworth writes on Martial Law Historically Considered, Mr. H. Erle Richards on Martial Law, Mr. Cyril Dodd K.C. on the case of Marais and the Editor on What is Martial Law? The writers support the finding of the Judicial Committee on the main question in issue, as to the test of a state of war being the opening or closing of the Law Courts. Mr. Cyril Dodd's article examines the dicta in rather an adverse sense. In a note on Workmen's Compensation Cases the Editor points out the good effects of the Act and considers the energy of the Courts in giving full effect to it as a sign "for good or bad" of the tendency towards collectivism which for the last thirty years has characterised the current of public opinion in England. There are other articles of the usual interest to lawyers.

"The Journal of the Anthropological Institute," Vol. XXXI., contains the Proceedings of the Institute from July to December 1901. There are papers on Malay Metalwork, Trephining in the South Seas—a curious paper on native surgery—The Relations between Men and Animals in Sarawak, The Colour Vision of the Natives of Upper Egypt, The Races of Early Egypt, several articles on the skulls of various races and on the customs of a number of tribes: all illustrated profusely with admirable and most curious photographs and of profound interest to all interested in anthropological inquiries.

ERRATUM.—By a slip of the pen in our article on China last week Kang Yi, who is a rabid reformer, was written for Kang Yü-wei, who was the leader of the reform party.

#### ITALIAN LITERATURE.

*Grandezza e Decadenza di Roma.* Vol. I. La Conquista dell'Impero. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Milan: Treves. 1902. Lire 5.

This is a fine book, written by an author of marked talents and most substantial attainments. The first volume, now under review, consists of a vivid sketch of the Roman Republic from the middle of the fifth century B.C. The earlier part of the book is less interesting on account of its conciseness—it needs positive genius to be both concise and interesting—but we readily admit that the development of the Republic and its great political and social transformation scenes are brilliantly treated. The larger part of the volume is devoted to the story and times of Julius Cæsar, and here the author is at his best: the full and life-like accounts of Cæsar and his contemporaries, such as Lucullus, Pompey, Cicero, are admirable, and give the work a distinction all its own. We have had to use a map in reading this book, but it was not where it should have been—at the beginning or end of the volume. This is a defect which should be remedied in the next edition. Moreover a book dealing with so difficult and complicated a period of history, good as it is, would have been all the better, if it had been enriched with marginal dates and headings.

*Storia di Carlo Emanuele I. Duca di Savoia.* By Italo Raulich. Vol. II. Milan: Hoepli. 1902. Lire 6.

Professor Raulich published the first volume of his history of Charles Emanuel I., Duke of Savoy, surnamed the Great, as far back as 1896. The minute, elaborate, painstaking nature of the work is almost sufficient to account for the delay in producing this second volume, although it only embraces eleven

years (1588-1598), bringing us down to the peace of Vervins. Charles Emanuel died in 1630. The author has therefore over thirty years more of a busy reign to deal with, and it would be difficult to prognosticate a likely date for the termination of the work. Moreover in addition to the straightforward story of the reign, Professor Raulich promises us a separate and special volume on the internal administration of the Duke's domains, which he is now leaving out of consideration so as not to interrupt the thread of his narrative. The Counts and Dukes of Savoy were always of importance in the world's history; perhaps no small state has ever brought the art of playing off one great power against another to more consummate perfection. "At your idle hours," says the wise Lord Chesterfield to his son, "pray read the history of the House of Savoy which has produced a great many very great men," and we as cordially advise the reading of this last history of one of its greatest.

*Verso l'Oriente. Poesie di Angiolo Orvieto.* Milan: Treves. 1902. Lire 4.

Italy is inundated with minor poetry. The volume before us contains 253 pages of it. It is difficult to say anything of minor poetry save that it should never be printed except in infinitesimal quantities and in ephemeral periodicals. The present poet has occasional lines of pretty sentimental description, but he has failed to awaken our interest in any of his topics. The title of one of his poems "Gesù e Shelley", will suffice to show that he takes a crude audacity of conception to be originality of a striking kind.

*Rinascita: Leggende e Fantasie di Corrado Ricci.* Milan: Treves. 1902. Lire 3.50.

These legends and fantasies are written in a pleasant easy style, though the essence of them is too much obscured by padding. The author has a really fine appreciation of beauty in art and nature. His "leggende" are more striking than the "fantasie", and he records many of the traditions connected with Bologna and the neighbourhood, as for instance in the "Passo della Badessa" and "Ave Maria". Perhaps the best of these sketches is the "Carte di Dante" in which he tells of a fruitless search for the lost MSS. of the great poet.

*Dizionario dei Comuni del Regno d'Italia.* Compilato da B. Santi. (Manuali Hoepli.) Milan. 1902. Lire 3.

Here is a capital little manual which will be most serviceable to people living in Italy. It gives a complete list of the Italian communes with the population of each resulting from the census of 1901, the name and distance of the nearest station or port, the means of transport from the station to the commune, and a few other items of practical information. By a system of cross references to Part I. of the book, which saves much space, we are also able to find in what province the commune is situated, to what prefecture or sub-prefecture it belongs, what place it has in the judicial administration of the country and so forth. A map of Italy divided into its communes would have been a welcome addition, and we could have wished that the population of each city of importance had been shown separate from the total of the population of the commune.

*Nel Primo Centenario della Nascita di Vittorio Hugo:* 1802-1902. Ode di Gabriele d'Annunzio. Milan: Treves. 1902. Lira 1.

As was almost to be expected, Gabriele d'Annunzio has written an ode in commemoration of the first centenary of Victor Hugo's birth. It is a fine bit of work, polished in form, just in its cadences, swinging in its phrases, but its vague rodomontade and incomprehensible tall talk take away all pleasure in the reading of it.

*Saggio per uno Studio sulla Conscienza Sociale e Giuridica nei Codici Religiosi.* By Gino Trespioli. Parma: Battei. 1902. Lire 15.

The erudite author of this work has struck out what, in Italy, is an entirely new and original line of research. Overcoming the traditional antipathy of Italians for Oriental studies—"Odi Arabes eorumque poetas", says Petrarch—he has gone to the very earliest sources of Eastern lore to find the origin of the existing codes of morals and jurisprudence. Himself an accomplished jurist but not a profound Orientalist, he has enjoyed the assistance of three learned specialists, Professor Italo Pizzi, the eminent Sanskrit scholar, Lionello Modona of Parma, a prominent authority on Semitic subjects, and Carlo Piuni of Florence, who has helped him in the interpretation of matters relating to the peoples of the Sinic race. The author gives copious references to a host of authorities, and naively invites his readers to verify all disputed translations by consulting these. The book is ponderous and monumental; we do not for a moment pretend to have read it from end to end, and candidly admit that it would need a minute specialist, or series of specialists, to appraise its just value.

*Poesie di Giovanni Marradi (1875-1900).* Florence: Barbèra. 1902. Lire 4.

It seems to us only the other day that Giovanni Marradi—"Labronico" as he then used to call himself—was a young and ardent disciple of Carducci, giving promise



of greater things in a short-lived Sturm und Drang periodical called "I Nuovi Goliardi". Yet here he is collecting the verses of a quarter of a century, while the tell-tale "Dizionario di Contemporanei Italiani" records that he is fifty years of age. Early promise, as is too often the case, has not given us a great poet, but though Marradi can at times be slight and trite, though his sentiment is occasionally cloying and sickly, yet he has a distinction all his own, and is far from being a minor poet. He should have written less: a solitary sonnet has given immortality both in Italy and England. But there are some gems in this carefully arranged cabinet. The "Idillio Funebre", for instance, is a beautiful little poem, free from all affectation, sung in the purest notes and accompanied on the sweetest lyre. 'Tis a lament for a young and dear sister of his who died in childbirth at the age of twenty. In another strain, but very fine indeed, is the poem entitled "Nella Steppa" which speaks of the long bleak journey in ceaseless falling snow of the doomed men who toil along the

(Continued on page 534.)

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dreary road to Siberia. There are many other poems which hold the attention and delight the fancy, and if some of the others seem weak and nerveless we suppose it is because the ideal, or an ideal, is waxing dim in modern Italy as elsewhere.

*Apostoli e Statisti.* By Francesco Bertolini. Milan: Hoepli. 1902. Lire 4.

Professor Bertolini enjoys some fame as an historian in Italy, but this is the first book of his which has come into our hands. Of the "Apostles and Statesmen" dealt with in this work, the first is S. Francis of Assisi, and we are free to confess that it is the only chapter we have read. A more impudent travesty of an historic character we have seldom come across, and it would be waste of time to continue to read a book whose first chapter reveals critical methods of the most indefensible description. For instead of attempting to depict the Saint in his habit as he lived, the Professor tries to glorify him at the expense of the Church, to show that in some way he was hostile to the Popes,—and all this he undertakes obviously as anti-religious propaganda, born of hatred of the Church of his fathers. Professor Bertolini describes the "Cantico del Sole" as a "Deist hymn", and, while professing to quote it in full, he deliberately omits the line "Woe be to them that die in mortal sin!" for such a sentiment is not properly "Deist": he holds with Renan the crude theory that the Stigmata were a fraud of Frate Elia, whereas their existence has been proved with scientific certainty. He professes to quote a passage from the first Rule of S. Francis, containing the most un-Franciscan-like threats to the Pope. Now the first rule has not come down to us, the second and third contain no such passage: where did the Professor find his citation? If in a Lutheran writer, why did he not verify the text, for it is obvious that he knows his Franciscan sources well enough. We have spoken strongly of this work because the mishandling of historic characters (and especially of S. Francis of Assisi) in the furtherance of some private aim or silly crotchet or unhealthy affectation is a growing evil, and the sketch under review is one of the worst examples of the kind we have met with. We are not here concerned to defend the Church of Rome, but we certainly have the cause of historic truth at heart, and any picture which represents the Saint, who twice sought papal confirmation of his rule and instituted the system of Cardinal Protectors, as hostile to the Popes, distorts historical truth and obscures one of his most strongly defined characteristics.

For This Week's Books see page 536.

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The Secretary (Mr. A. W. Saunders) having read the notice,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—Every proprietor in this Bank must share with the directors the regret we feel at being obliged to ask you to adopt a report which falls short of so many of its predecessors. We cannot on this occasion recommend the payment of that bonus to which we have been so often accustomed, but we declare our usual dividend of 10 per cent. To do this, we have been obliged to have recourse to that large sum of undivided profit which we brought forward this time last year. The report sets forth the reasons of this unsatisfactory condition of things, which is the crisis in Brazil to which those of you who were here a year ago will remember I made some reference; but that crisis certainly has been far more severe and of much longer duration than we anticipated at that date. It came, I may say, almost like a cyclone, sweeping down the east coast of the Republic of Brazil, and upon the east coast all the leading trading centres of the country are situated, and it left rack and ruin in its track. Our Bank, with its large connections in that country, had to bear the full brunt of the storm, and of course we have suffered accordingly. As some proof of that crisis, I need only refer to the numerous failures of firms: no less than fourteen of the permanent native banks had to close their doors, in addition to the numerous failures of private firms. Some of them have resumed business, some are in liquidation, some in a condition of what others call suspended animation. I have before me the extract from a letter written by a gentleman now on a visit to England, an Englishman, who is intimately acquainted with journalism in Rio. His testimony is of great value as regards this Bank and the crisis, as he is thoroughly independent, not being a shareholder. He says: "I have seen extracts from your directors' report, and paradoxical as it may appear, I have to congratulate you upon it. It is a marvel that the Bank has made any profits at all, and is certainly to be hoped that Brazil will never pass through another period so disastrous as that of 1900-1. With many Banks and many more old-established houses crumbing on every side, who can escape without loss?" He adds that the action of the directors in the face of falling profits in refusing to countenance the wild speculation in exchange, thereby giving it an unquestioned check, is well appreciated at Rio, and is giving the Bank a prestige which will be much to its advantage when confidence returns and business resumes its normal course. I think we are all pleased to find that the policy you encourage your board to follow out of not taking part in speculative exchange business will some day, if not before very long, produce its fruit. Therefore, under the circumstances, and the severe extremity of this course, you may naturally suppose the provisions we had to make to meet the difficulties of the situation were by no means small. As things went on we found, I may safely say in every case, with failed firms with which we had to do that we received nothing but offers of what I can only call emasculated compositions and attenuated dividends. They were offered to us from all quarters. This is a very unsavoury subject, and perhaps it is as well under the circumstances that I do not refer to it in any language of my own that might be regarded as the hypercriticism of a hostile outsider. But I will read you an extract from a paper published in Rio giving its testimony as regards this condition of things. That paper is the leading commercial paper of Rio, the *Journal of Commerce*. It is dated September last, and after referring to the continual suspensions of payment and the collapse of business, which have been accompanied by that which proves very strongly that the level of commercial morality in Brazil is certainly not what we are accustomed to in this country, the paper talks about "the miserable compensations which debtors offer their creditors," and they say "fraud is found unblushingly rampant in nearly every one of these compositions. Two-thirds of the acceptances are fabricated." It states that there are plenty who are willing to pass as fictitious creditors, of course for a consideration. The forgery of documents for these compositions is made a special business, out of which many make a living, who, lacking moral qualifications, are not able to obtain a book-keeper's place in a respectable firm. Notwithstanding the innumerable bankruptcies known to be fraudulent, the dishonest trader and his accomplices escape punishment, advocates finding means to get them off. It is not from want of bankruptcy laws the legitimate trader suffers, but simply because the laws are not strictly carried out by those responsible for the due administration of justice. Until judges are found who will commit to prison fraudulent bankrupts and debtors who have favoured creditors, traders will experience no relief, nor will there be a renewal of confidence. We find ourselves now in a position to pay dividend at the rate of 10 per cent., which will require £75,000, and having done that we shall have something over £100,000 of undivided profit to carry forward. Turning to the balance-sheet, there is a very large increase in the "current accounts and deposits in currency at branches" and "current accounts at Head Office." The increase over the amount last year is £447,000. As you may suppose, customers at these native banks that failed had naturally preferred to place their balances wherever they could to the foreign banks; and of these we have had our fair share. This £447,000 is very much swollen by the fact that the rate of exchange is higher than it ever was before, which gives additional volume to the amount. Still we have received a very valuable increase in our current year's accounts. In "bills payable" there is also an increase; in "bills for collection on account of customers" there is again an increase; but in "profit and loss," as you may suppose, there is a decrease compared with this time last year of £68,000. Turning to the assets, there is a large increase in "specie and cash at Head Office and branches" of £665,000, which I think to anyone accustomed to banking is not a proof of very active banking. That is partly accounted for by the increased deposits having referred to. In "bills receivable" there is a large increase, but the discounts and loans show a diminution of £609,000, which shows the paralysis which has been brought about the crisis. I am sorry to say the item "bank premises and furniture at Head Offices" is increased by £8,600. Your board do all they can to watch this account. As to the profit and loss account, the item "charges at Head Office and branches" shows an increase of £8,500. That is an account we do our very best to keep down. The increase is partly owing very much to the fact that the salaries paid out there were paid at a higher rate of exchange. Also there is the gradual annual accumulation of salaries which always go on and cannot be stopped. In the item "Profit the 31st January, after providing for rebate of interest on bill discounted not due, bad and doubtful debts," there is a deficit compared with that of last year of £33,370. At the present time it is not necessary to make any provision for any depreciation in our capital. From a political point of view Brazil has been perfectly quiet during the last year, and the present president during his term of office has shown determination to carry out schemes of economy and retrenchment, and in every way and endeavour has been made to put the finances of the country on a sound footing. Things are progressing very satisfactorily, which is proved by the fact that the Government securities stand very much higher on the Stock Exchange here than they did a year ago. There is, however, a want of recuperative power. The nation is poor, and the taxation is heavy. It would be much to the advantage of Brazil if foreign capital were to enter the country. Brazil is teeming with mineral wealth. Our business in Argentina is very much less than in Brazil, but the business there has not been, on the whole, satisfactory. This is due to the war scare about Chili, to droughts and to inundation. I am afraid to say of Argentina that creditors do not find the legal ease of obtaining their just dues from debtors as easily or rapidly as they might be. We should concentrate our efforts to make our profits in the best quarters and use all the economy we can. I move that the report be adopted and a dividend of 10 per cent. be declared.

Mr. C. E. Johnston, deputy-chairman, seconded the motion, and it was carried unanimously.

The Chairman moved a vote of thanks to the manager and secretary and other members of the staff for their zealous and faithful services during the past year.

Mr. Johnston seconded the motion and it was carried.

Mr. John Gordon, manager, having returned thanks, the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and board.

## JOHN BARKER &amp; CO., LIMITED.

THE Ninth Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders was held yesterday at the Registered Offices, Kensington High Street, W., under the presidency of Mr. John Barker (chairman of the Company).

The Secretary (Mr. H. W. Over) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, it gives me and my co-directors much pleasure to again meet you with an account of our stewardship. The report and accounts for the past year, which are in your possession and have no doubt been carefully considered, may I presume as usual be taken as read. Like the experience of most other companies during the past year our arrangements were considerably upset by the Court mourning which for such a length of time locked up the coloured and fashionable goods which had been ordered for the season. We have, however, happily been able successfully to cope with difficulties as they arose, and which will always arise, in a high-class business, by keeping our stocks active and within the limits of our requirements; and above all by purchasing our goods direct from the producers at the lowest prices for cash, and upon such favourable terms as enabled us to reap every advantage from selling our goods at the lowest margin of profit. Your directors are gratified, therefore, to be able to meet you with the knowledge that they have not only succeeded in maintaining, but in largely increasing, the returns of the previous year, and have again established a record in the history of the Company. The policy of your directors, which is summed up in minimum profits and maximum returns, is the key to our ever-increasing number of new customers, and to our steadily growing revenue. It is a policy which has produced a good effect all through our staff, who have no encouragement to seek to obtain the largest amount of profit any article will bear. Our buyers, in fact, benefit not from increased profit, but from an increased volume of trade. Turning now to the balance-sheet and the profit and loss account, as the items clearly and fully speak for themselves, I need not do more than refer to one or two points, although I shall be happy to give any further information that may be desired. The share capital and debenture stock remain as before, and the trade-creditors and sundry creditors estimated are at practically the same figure as last year. £2,000 have been added to the reserve fund which now amounts to the handsome figure of £30,000. The item of loans against properties is explained by the continued growth of the business, and the purchase of properties acquired from time to time in the interests of the Company, to which I will presently more fully refer. In connection with this item you will notice on the credit side of the balance-sheet that freehold and leasehold premises have during the year increased by over £28,000. The only other item on the credit side to which I need refer is the reduction of £2,500 in the stock which must be regarded as very satisfactory, considering the great increase in our returns for the past year. It is also a matter of satisfaction that although the amount passed through the books was very largely in excess of the previous twelvemonth, the sum standing unpaid on the 28th February does not exceed that of last year, while the percentage of bad debts, which was only 2s. 7d. per £100 will I believe compare very favourably with any other house in the trade. With regard to the question of working expenses I must remind you, as I have done on former occasions, that while the establishment charges are generally speaking the same, the expenses of a rapidly-increasing business such as this must of necessity increase proportionately. Salaries everywhere are now paid on a higher scale than formerly, and while it has been the aim of your directors to obtain in all cases the most efficient staff throughout the whole establishment the expenses in the interest of the Company have been regulated with a view to the utmost efficiency, which accounts for the pleasing fact that the percentage of these has not generally increased. And now I have to speak of the important matter of the Company's present financial position and to submit a resolution for your approval. If the business is to increase in the future as it has done in the past it will of course require more capital for its efficient management. Since additional properties and buildings have to be acquired to provide the requisite accommodation the question of ways and means becomes one for careful thought and consideration. It will be within your recollection that when I had the pleasure of addressing you last year I intimated that your directors might at a later date have to ask you to increase their borrowing powers. Our warehousing department has so greatly increased that its needs have outgrown all the accommodation hitherto possessed by the Company. Your directors therefore found it necessary to have buildings of the most approved kind up to modern requirements, and in order to secure lower rates of warehousing for their customers they have had them constructed under the supervision of insurance offices. During the past year large and important additions have been made to the Company's depositories at Cromwell Crescent, and ample accommodation is now being provided for this rapidly increasing branch of the Company's business. I last year referred to our having acquired a long building lease of a large piece of land having a frontage of about 140 feet on Kensington High Street, with about 300 feet on a return frontage to two new streets, and comprising a total area of about 20,000 feet at a ground rent and a cash payment of £25,000 from the London County Council in exchange for the land given up for widening the street and in discharge of the Company's claims for disturbance to trade. I also stated that it was the intention of your directors to erect upon the land in question a block of buildings which would ensure the free and full development of the Company's business. The details have not yet been completed by the County Council, but we are hopeful of commencing building operations at an early date. These buildings will be erected in accordance with the plans prepared by the Company's architect and accepted by the London County Council, and when completed, will form a very handsome and profitable addition to the Company's premises. It is estimated that their cost will be in round figures £30,000. The second and upper floors will be let off as residential mansions, which are reasonably estimated to produce a good percentage of profit on the money invested. It has been at times a matter of considerable difficulty for your directors to cope with the rapidly increasing trade owing to the want of space, and they have been compelled as opportunities arose to secure such premises as were to be had in order to meet the requirements of the business. It was this necessity which caused us to secure the valuable premises on the opposite side of the High Street, to which I have already referred as shortly coming down and to be replaced by a handsome and commodious building, which we have every reason to believe will be a most lucrative and desirable investment. You will be gratified to know that during the short time that has elapsed since this business was acquired by the Company the returns have increased 66 per cent., and that the trading for the current year is in every way satisfactory. The present and prospective expansion of the Company cannot be provided for without more working capital, and hence your directors ask to be enabled to continue to carry on the business to our mutual benefit. I have therefore confidence that you will unhesitatingly give them the additional borrowing power in accordance with the resolution which will shortly be proposed for your acceptance. It is a matter of great satisfaction to me and my co-directors that our proposals in respect of these borrowing powers have already met with such unanimity among the shareholders who have sent in their proxies in such numbers and whose interesting and appreciative letters show that the management have their entire confidence—a view which, I need hardly say, we shall be still more pleased to learn has your equally hearty concurrence. Before formally moving the adoption of the report I should like on your behalf and on behalf of the directors to express our appreciation of the loyal service and co-operation of our employees as a whole. We have an excellent staff, to whom our hearty thanks are due. They are always ready as well as eager to do their utmost and to the best of their ability to assist in increasing the prosperity of the Company. I now beg to move: That the directors' report and accounts for the year ending 28th February, 1902, be received and adopted.

The motion was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Francis Barker was re-elected a director of the Company, and the auditors, Messrs. G. N. Read, Son & Co., having been reappointed, the proceedings terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors, and staff.

**AXIM MINES.**

**T**HE ordinary general meeting of the Axim Mines, Limited, was held on Thursday, at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., under the presidency of Mr. George Macdonald (Chairman of the Company).

The Secretary (Mr. W. Barton) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said that since he had occupied the position of chairman, he had gone very carefully into the affairs of the Company from its beginning, and he found that, although there was nothing very marked to show in the way of distinct advance from last year, there had been steady development work going on, and the Company was a point nearer to the stage of production than it was a year ago. The present position was one of some difficulty. It was some time since they lost the late manager at the mines (Mr. Henry), and in losing him they lost an excellent manager indeed. When you lose a good mine manager you have a great difficulty in finding another one exactly fitted to take his place, and that up to the present had been one of the difficulties of the Axim Mines; but they were hoping that that difficulty now would be quite overcome. Arrangements had been made for the work on the spot to be pushed along with the utmost possible speed. They had at the present moment two of the best experts that they could find they had added a second since the reconstruction of the board—to go thoroughly into their companies on the West Coast and to report to the board at as early a date as possible. In addition to that, they had called in the assistance of one of the best firms of consulting engineers in this country, Messrs. Bainbridge, Seymour and Co., of St. Helens Place. He thought the reason why the Axim Mines had not made more progress during the years they have been in existence was that they have wanted the guiding technical power absolutely necessary in the development of the mining industry. That is one point which the present directors are going to rectify. The properties held by this Company in West Africa cover an area altogether of about 8,000 acres, or rather over 12 square miles, exclusive of a small piece which was an extra lease known as the Appankran property. Anyone connected with the mining industry of that part of the world has only to look at the map to see how very satisfactorily the properties are placed with regard to many other propositions upon the West Coast of Africa. They were within 25 miles of the seaboard, thus removing some of the enormous difficulties of transport for getting their machinery to the spot. With regard to the capital of the Company the nominal share capital consists of 100,000 shares of £1 each available, less the 3,334 shares originally allotted to the vendors, for the working purposes of the Company. From the time that the Company had been running share capital has been issued and paid up to the extent of over £56,000. In addition, a large portion of that capital has been issued at premiums, and very substantial premiums, bringing in no less a sum than £32,506; so that altogether during the time this Company has been at work they have had at their command a total of nearly £90,000. In making a rough analysis he found that the Company had left of its resources some £17,000; that was to June, 1901. Since that time that sum has steadily decreased, until at the present moment it has, roughly, come down to a sum of between £4,000 and £5,000. They would see that there was need, if they wished to continue the work, for further capital. There remain to the credit of the Company some 40,000 shares that have not been issued, and it was necessary for the new board to take such steps as it should think best for the issue of this capital for the continuance of the work of the Company upon the Gold Coast. They had already arranged for, and had received applications and subscriptions for, about 6,000 shares; so he thought, considering this present board only consists of four members, that they had done their part towards finding the necessary funds for carrying on the further work of the Axim Mines. He then explained what the board had done, or what they proposed to do, in regard to providing the extra working capital needed by the Company. As for the future, they had a most complete equipment ready for getting to work, and as soon as they can get the machinery on the spot and erect it they would be able to push ahead. It was to enable them to carry out this policy that they were asking the shareholders to provide the remaining working capital. He moved: "That the report of the directors, together with the accounts as submitted, be received, adopted, and confirmed."

Mr. Samuel Peck seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. The Chairman stated that the Axim Mines had been in existence for very nearly five years, and the directors who had had charge of the affairs of the Company had received nothing whatever for their services. From a business point of view he thought that was wrong, and he would ask the shareholders to pass a resolution voting some remuneration to the directors.

On the motion of Mr. Morgan, seconded by Mr. Gibbs, 1,000 guineas was voted to the directors from the registration of the Company, and the future remuneration was fixed at £500 per annum.

Mr. F. W. Macan then addressed the meeting, and stated that he believed in the property now as much as ever he did.

Mr. Murray Griffiths proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman. It was a source of great satisfaction to them all to find that Mr. Macdonald was taking an interest in the property. Personally, he believed that it was a very fine one, and he sincerely hoped that it would prove very profitable to the shareholders.

Mr. Bull seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted. The Chairman briefly acknowledged the compliment, and the proceedings terminated.

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FORTY-FOURTH REPORT OF  
**THE YOKOHAMA SPECIE BANK, LIMITED**  
 (YOKOHAMA SHOKIN GINKO),

Presented to the Shareholders at the HALF-YEARLY ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, held at the Head Office,  
 Yokohama, on Monday, 10th March, 1902.

**CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED**....Yen 24,000,000 | **CAPITAL PAID UP**....Yen 18,000,000 | **RESERVE FUND**....Yen 8,710,000

**DIRECTORS.**—NAGATANE SOMA, Esq. KAMENOSUKE MISAKI, Esq. KOKICHI SONODA, Esq. RIYEMON KIMURA, Esq.  
 ROKURO HARA, Esq. IPPEI WAKAO, Esq. YOSHIGUSU NAKAI, Esq.

**PRESIDENT.**—NAGATANE SOMA, Esq.

**VICE-PRESIDENT.**—KAMENOSUKE MISAKI, Esq.

**BRANCH OFFICES.**—Kobe, Nagasaki, Tokio, Hong Kong, Newchwang, Peking, Shanghai, Tientsin, New York, San Francisco, Hawaii,  
 Bombay, London, Lyons.

**HEAD OFFICE.**—YOKOHAMA.

**TO THE SHAREHOLDERS.**

GENTLEMEN,—The Directors submit to you the annexed Statement of the Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, and Profit and Loss Account for the half-year ending Dec. 31st, 1901.

The gross profits of the Bank for the past half-year, including Yen 527,081.<sup>228</sup> brought forward from last accounts, amount to Yen 5,755,721.<sup>683</sup>, of which Yen 3,841,564.<sup>800</sup> have been deducted for current expenses, interests, &c., leaving a balance of Yen 1,914,156.<sup>793</sup>.

The Directors now propose that Yen 200,000.<sup>000</sup> be added to the reserve fund, raising it to Yen 8,710,000.<sup>000</sup>. From the remainder the Directors recommend a dividend at the rate of thirteen per cent. per annum, which will absorb Yen 780,000.<sup>000</sup> on old shares and Yen 390,000.<sup>000</sup> on new shares, making a total of Yen 1,170,000.<sup>000</sup>. The balance, Yen 544,156.<sup>793</sup>, will be carried forward to the credit of next account.

Head Office, Yokohama, 10th March, 1902.

LIABILITIES.	BALANCE SHEET.		31st Dec., 1901.	
	Y.		Y.	ASSETS. Y.
Capital paid up.....	18,000,000. <sup>000</sup>	Cash Account—		
Reserve Fund.....	8,510,000. <sup>000</sup>	In Hand.....	5,557,054. <sup>000</sup>	
Reserve for Doubtful Debts.....	409,952. <sup>450</sup>	At Bankers'.....	4,424,217. <sup>250</sup>	9,981,272. <sup>150</sup>
Reserve for New Building.....	115,106. <sup>480</sup>	Investments in Public Securities.....		22,280,733. <sup>820</sup>
Deposits (Current, Fixed, &c.).....	46,510,846. <sup>127</sup>	Bills Discounted, Loans, Advances, &c.....		34,742,981. <sup>480</sup>
Bills Payable, Bills Rediscounted, Acceptances, and other Sums due by the Bank.....	71,672,594. <sup>824</sup>	Bills Receivable and other Sums due to the Bank.....		79,293,150. <sup>724</sup>
Dividends Unclaimed.....	4,741. <sup>000</sup>	Ballion and Foreign Money.....		203,516. <sup>000</sup>
Amount brought forward from last Account.....	527,081. <sup>228</sup>	Bank Premises, Properties, Furniture, &c.....		635,743. <sup>000</sup>
Net Profit for the past Half-year.....	1,387,075. <sup>483</sup>			
	Yen 147,137,397. <sup>864</sup>			Yen 147,137,397. <sup>864</sup>

**PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.**

V.		V.	
To Current Expenses, Interests, &c. ....	3,841,564. <sup>800</sup>	By Balance brought forward 30th June, 1901 .....	527,081. <sup>228</sup>
To Reserve Fund .....	200,000. <sup>000</sup>	By Amount of Gross Profits for the Half-year ending 31st Dec., 1901.....	5,228,640. <sup>255</sup>
To Dividend—			
Yen 6. <sup>000</sup> per Share for 120,000 Old Shares = Yen 780,000. <sup>000</sup> .....			
— and .....			
Yen 3. <sup>000</sup> per Share for 120,000 New Shares = Yen 390,000. <sup>000</sup> .....	1,170,000. <sup>000</sup>		
To Balance carried forward to next Account.....	544,156. <sup>793</sup>		
	Yen 5,755,721. <sup>683</sup>		Yen 5,755,721. <sup>683</sup>

We have examined the above Accounts in detail, with the Books and Vouchers of the Bank and the Returns from the Branches and Agencies, and find them to be correct. We have further inspected the Securities, &c., of the Bank, and also those held on account of Loans, Advances, &c., and find them all to be in accordance with the Books and Accounts of the Bank.

SHINOBU TAJIMA,  
 FUKUSABURO WATANABE, } AUDITORS.

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*Established 1866.*

### EXTRACTS FROM THE DIRECTORS' REPORT for the year ending December 31st, 1901.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

Your Directors have again to congratulate you on a year of **exceptional activity**, followed by **exceptionally gratifying results**.

The **Reserve Funds** have been **increased** by the **substantial sum of £160,287**. The **Income** from all sources shows the **satisfactory increase of £61,140**, and the **Business in Force** has been **augmented** by the net addition of **88,756 New Policy-holders** at an additional **New Annual Premium Income of £76,859**.

#### CLAIMS.

The **Claims Paid** during the year amounted to **£312,208**, including **£53,967** under Maturing Endowment and Endowment Assurance Policies.

The **Total Amount** paid by the Company to its Assurants up to December 31, 1901, was **£3,187,663**.

#### NEW BUSINESS.

The total number of **New Policies** issued was **427,360**, at a yearly premium of **£298,832**.

The foregoing results have been accomplished **without any increase** in the ratio of **management expenses**.

#### RESULTS OF THE YEAR'S TRANSACTIONS.

The Total Income of the Company was **£782,592**, and the Total Payments **£619,657**, leaving a **Surplus Balance** on the year's Accounts of **£162,935**. Out of this sum **£2,648** has been written off Investments, Loans, Leaseholds, Furniture, &c., leaving **£160,287** to be added to the Assurance Fund.

S. J. PORT, *Secretary*.

F. T. JEFFERSON, *Chairman*.

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